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POPE'S WORKS,  
Vol. II. forming part of  
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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE,  
WITH HIS LAST  
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,  
AND  
IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Cooke's Pocket Edition.

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But see, at length, the British Genius smile,  
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:  
Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,  
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one—  
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,  
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,  
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,  
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.

*Brown.*

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VOL. II.

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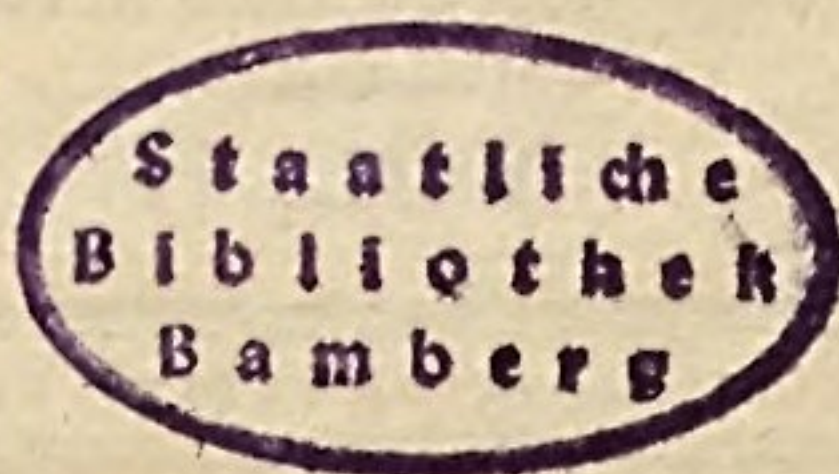
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**Gruppe:**

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE.  
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

ESSAY ON MAN, || STATIUS' THEBAID,  
MORAL ESSAYS, || BOOK FIRST,  
IMITATIONS, &c. &c.

---

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;  
Oh, master of the poet and the song!  
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,  
To man's low passions or their glorious ends,  
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,  
To fall with dignity, with temper rise——  
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,  
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?  
Shall then this Verse to future age pretend  
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?  
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art  
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart?  
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,  
Shew'd erring Pride whatever is is right——  
That virtue only makes our bliss below,  
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know?

*Essay on Man.*

---

London:

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED  
Under the Direction of  
C. COOKE.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE  
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

POETRY, AND  
A  
GENERAL INDEX TO THE  
POETRY.

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OF THE  
POETRY  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE  
IN  
THE  
POETICAL  
WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE  
VOL. II.

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LONDON:  
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1741.



# AN ESSAY ON MAN.

## IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO H. ST. JOHN. L. BOLINGBROKE.

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### *THE DESIGN.*

HAVING propos'd to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract—his Nature and his State; since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpen'd the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts,



cepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow; consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.





# RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

---

TO THE  
AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

WHEN Love's \* great goddess, anxious for her son,  
Beheld him wand'ring on a coast unknown,  
A huntress in the wood she feign'd to stray,  
To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way:  
But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide: 5  
He knew and worshipp'd his celestial guide.

Thus vainly, Pope, unseen you would dispense  
Your glorious system of benevolence;  
And, heav'nly taught, explain the angels' song,  
That praise to God and peace to men belong. 10  
Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,  
From whence such truths could spring, such lines  
could flow.

Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,  
You only can deserve, or could refuse. 14

TO THE CONCEALED  
AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

YES, friend! thou art conceal'd. Conceal'd! but how?  
Ever the brightest, more refulgent now,  
By thy own lustre hid! each nervous line,  
Each melting verse, each syllable, is thine:  
But such philosophy, such reason strong, 5  
Has never yet adorn'd thy loftiest song.

Dost thou, satiric, vice and folly brand,  
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?  
Is thy design to make men good and wise,  
Exposing the deformity of vice? 10  
Dost thou thy wit at once and courage show,  
Strike hard, and bravely vindicate the blow?  
Dost thou delineate God, or trace out man,  
The vast immensity, or mortal span? Thy

\* Eneid I.



Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name, 15  
 The Poem loudly must the pen proclaim.  
 I see, my friend! O, sacred Poet, hail!  
 The brightness of thy face defeats the veil.

Write thou, and let the world the writing view;  
 The world will know, and will pronounce it you. 20  
 Dark in thy grove, or in thy closet fit,  
 We see thy wisdom, harmony, and wit:  
 Forth breaks the blaze, astonishing our sight,  
 Enshrin'd in clouds, we see, we see thee write.

So the sweet warbler of the spring, alone, 25  
 Sings darkling, but unseen her note is known;  
 And so the lark, inhabiting the skies,  
 Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

TO THE  
 AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

As when some student first with curious eye  
 Thro' Nature's wondrous frame attempts to pry,  
 His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise;  
 He asks if this be just, if that be wise?  
 Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress, 5  
 And vice unpunish'd, with strange thought oppress;  
 Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,  
 His mind he opens, fair is all he sees;  
 Storms, tempests, earthquakes, Virtue's ragged plight,  
 And Vice's triumph, all are just and right; 10  
 Beauty is found, and order, and design,  
 And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wondrous plan,  
 Leading thro' all the winding maze of Man,  
 Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue, 15  
 My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.  
 This false, that ill-express'd, this thought not good,  
 And all was wrong which I misunderstood:  
 But reading more attentive, soon I found  
 The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound; 20  
 Saw man a part of that stupendous whole,  
 "Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;"

Saw



Saw in the scale of things his middle state,  
 And all his pow'rs adapted just to that;  
 Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use, 25  
 How all to good, to happiness, conduce;  
 Saw my own weakness, thy superior pow'r,  
 And still the more I read, admire the more. 28

R. D.

## TO MR. POPE.

BY A LADY.

FATHER of verse! indulge an artless Muse,  
 Just to the warmth thy envy'd lays infuse.  
 Rais'd by the soul that breathes in ev'ry line,  
 (My Phœbus thou, thy awful works my shrine!)  
 Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own, 5  
 And hail thee seated on thy natal throne:  
 Stung by thy fame, tho' aided by thy light,  
 See bards, till now unknown, essay to write:  
 Rous'd by thy heat, unnumber'd swarms arise,  
 As insects live beneath autumnal skies; 10  
 While Envy pines, with unappeas'd desire,  
 And each mean breast betrays th' invidious fire.  
 Yet thou, great Leader of the sacred train!  
 (Whose Parthian shaft ne'er took its flight in vain,)  
 Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age, 15  
 Let wholesome Satire loose thro' ev'ry page;  
 Born for the task, whom no mean views inflame,  
 Who lance to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.  
 Yet not on Satire all your hours bestow;  
 Oft from your lyre let gentle numbers flow; 20  
 Such strains as breath'd thro' Windsor's lov'd retreats,  
 "And call'd the Muses to their ancient seats."  
 Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,  
 Shall mould to future fame the growing mind;  
 To ripen'd souls more solid aids impart, 25  
 And while you touch the sense correct the heart:  
 Yet tho' o'er all you shed diffusive light,  
 Base minds will envy still, and scribblers write.  
 Thus the imperial source of genial heat  
 Gilds the aspiring dome and mean retreat; 30

Bids



Bids gems a semblance of himself unfold,  
 And warms the purer ductile ore to gold :  
 Yet the same heat assists each reptile birth,  
 And draws infectious vapours from the earth.

34

AN ODE TO THE  
 EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,  
 IN ALLUSION TO HORACE.

*Pindarum quisquis, &c.*

FOR me how vain to urge my vent'rous flight,  
 Where only Pope's strong pinion can aspire!  
 Horace, great source of true poetic light,  
 Would melt my waxen wings before his fire.  
 As Thames' clear stream thro' flow'ry margins flows,  
 At first the humbler treasure of the plain, 6  
 Till with each spring the swelling current grows,  
 And rolls his pow'r and commerce o'er the main:  
 So soft descending from the Muses' hill  
 Pope's spreading genius passes ev'ry bound, 10  
 Big with experience, knowledge, taste, and skill,  
 And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic ground.  
 Fresh wreaths on ev'ry side await his head,  
 Whether in Fancy's wilds \* he youthful stray,  
 In Humour's † frolic round new measures tread, 15  
 Or boldly follow Pindar's ‡ pathless way.  
 Religious he maintains the Muses' trust ;  
 Pure in his breast he guards the sacred fire ;  
 To his progressive genius strictly just,  
 Its use dilating as its pow'rs aspire. 20  
 Whether from antique rust, with pious toil,  
 He polish Britain's ancient poets' || praise,  
 Or planting careful in his better soil,  
 Preserve more green the Greek and Roman bays. §  
 Whether the nobler monument \* \* he frame 25  
 To those whom virtues, arts, or arms, adorn ;  
 Or snatch from Envy † †, or the grave, their fame,  
 Whom Pride oppresses, or the virtuous mourn ;

Till

\* Pastorals, and Windsor Forest.

† Rape of the Lock.

‡ Odes.

Chaucer and Donne. § Homer, Horace, Ovid.

\* \* Epitaphs.

†† Epistles.



Till (as of old, some heav'n-instructed bard)<sup>29</sup>  
 To Man \* he pleads in Truth and Wisdom's cause;  
 Chastises Vice, deals Virtue her reward,  
 Supports the pulpit, and supplies the laws.  
 High on the swelling gale of constant praise  
 We see this Swan of Thames sublimely rise,<sup>34</sup>  
 Ev'n Envy's † breath but serves his flight to raise,  
 And lift his spotless plumage to the skies.  
 While on the humble banks, far, far below!  
 Unmark'd, my tuneless reed I painful try;  
 Like the small bee, with toil collecting slow  
 The faint perfume which lowly shrubs supply.<sup>40</sup>  
 To move our absent Prince ‡ (the realm's desire,)  
 Then let his skill compose th' attractive song;  
 Or you, my Lord, may boldly strike the lyre,  
 You, to whose call the willing Muses throng.  
 Persuasion decks your words with ev'ry art<sup>45</sup>  
 To lead the social band in sportive wit,  
 To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart,  
 While senates held in rapt'rous silence sit.  
 Or (tho' each bard in rev'rence mute should wait)  
 A joyful people his return shall greet;<sup>50</sup>  
 The busy hall shall cease from loud debate;  
 Contending parties bow at George's feet.  
 Applauding senates shall record his fame,  
 And hail the arbiter of Europe home:  
 Him haughty Gallia's dread they shall proclaim;<sup>55</sup>  
 From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.  
 Fate never gave a king so great before;  
 A king so good no nation shall behold;  
 For him the grateful realm shall Heav'n adore;  
 For him, whose reign revives the Age of Gold.<sup>60</sup>  
 To peaceful congress when his arts have led  
 Europe's contending lords, inur'd to war,  
 The sacred olive wreath shall grace his head,  
 That wreath so often purchas'd by his care.  
 My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praise,<sup>65</sup>  
 When well-plac'd Eloquence exhausts the theme;

\* Essay on Man

||| The Dunciad.

† This ode was written when his Majesty was expected from Hanover in the year 1736-7.



When mitred lords their hands to heav'n shall raise,  
And give God thanks with piety extreme.

With loyal luxury to crowd the board

Artists shall vie, th' eternal feasts succeed ;

70

Woods, lakes, and seas, their plenty shall afford,

And slaughter'd hecatombs profusely bleed.

But far from kings and courts, my humbler fate

Blesses with health and peace my homely fare,

Where my calm wishes frame no schemes of state,

But still for Britain's welfare form the pray'r.

76

TO THE  
AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

BY MR. SOMERVILE.

WAS ever Work to such perfection wrought!

How elegant the diction ! pure the thought !

Not sparingly odorn'd with scatter'd rays,

But one bright beauty, one collected blaze !

So breaks the day upon the shades of night,

5

Enliv'ning all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart thy great design :

But who can read this wondrous work divine,

So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,

And not be proud, and boast of human wit ?

10

Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,

Let us know man, and give to God his due ;

His image we, but mix'd with coarse alloy ;

Our happiness to love, adore, obey ;

To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd,

15

For this thy Work, for ev'ry lesser good ;

With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,

And own the great Creator all in all.

The Muse which should instruct now entertains  
On trifling subjects, in enervate strains :

20

Be it thy task to set the wand'rer right,

Point out her way in her aerial flight ;

Her noble mien, her honours lost restore,

And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar :

Thy theme sublime and easy verse will prove

25

Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let



Let others now translate : thy abler pen  
Shall vindicate the ways of God to Men ;  
In Virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,  
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail. 30  
Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys  
The purest morals in the softest lays,  
As angels once, so now we mortals bold  
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old ;  
Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the way  
To the bright regions of eternal day. 36





# AN ESSAY ON MAN.

## EPISTLE I.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with  
respect to the Universe.*

### The Argument.

OF Man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, v. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, v. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, v. 113, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, v. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, v. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, v. 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, v. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride, of such a desire, v. 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, v. 281, &c. to the end.

A WAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition and the pride of kings.  
Let us (since life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us and to die)  
Expatriate free o'r all this scene of Man;  
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:  
A wild where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,  
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.  
Together let us beat this ample field,  
Try what the open what the covert yield;  
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore  
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;  
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise;  
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,  
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say



I. Say first, of God above or Man below,  
 What can we reason but from what we know?  
 Of Man what see we but his station here,  
 From which to reason or to which refer? 20  
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,  
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.  
 He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,  
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,  
 Observe how system into system runs, 25  
 What other planets circle other suns,  
 What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,  
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are:  
 But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,  
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30  
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul  
 Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,  
 And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee? 34

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou  
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind? [find  
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,  
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?  
 Ask of thy mother Earth why oaks are made  
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade! 40  
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove!

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,  
 That Wisdom infinite must form the best,  
 Where all must full or not coherent be, 45  
 And all that rises rise in due degree;  
 Then in the scale of reas'ning life 'tis plain,  
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;  
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)  
 Is only this, If God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,  
 May, must be right, as relative to all.  
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,  
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;  
 In God's one single can its end produce, 55  
 Yet serves to second too some other use:



So Man, who here seems principal alone,  
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown;  
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:  
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains  
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;  
 When the dull ox why now he breaks the clod,  
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;  
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65  
 His actions', passions', beings', use and end:  
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why  
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault,  
 Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought; 70  
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,  
 His time a moment, and a point his space.  
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
 What matter soon or late, or here or there?  
 The bless'd to-day is as completely so 75  
 As who began a thousand years ago. [Fate,

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of  
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;  
 Or who could suffer being here below? 80  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day;  
 Had he thy reason would he skip and play?  
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
 Oh! blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85  
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall,  
 Atoms or system into ruin hurl'd,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,  
 Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.  
 What future bliss he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:  
 Man never is but always to be blest. The



The soul (uneasy and confin'd) from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian; whose untutor'd mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way;  
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,  
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n;  
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105  
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
To be content's his natural desire;  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; 110  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense  
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;  
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such; 115  
Say here he gives to little, there to much;  
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy God's unjust;  
If Man alone engrofs not Heav'n's high care,  
Alone made perfect here, immortal there; 120  
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.  
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;  
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
Pride still is aiming at the bleis'd abodes, 125  
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,  
Aspiring to be angels men rebel:  
And who but wishes to invert the laws  
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,  
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine:  
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,  
" Suckles each herb and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;  
" Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew 135  
" The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;



“ For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;  
 “ For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;  
 “ Seas roll to wait me, suns to light me rise ;  
 “ My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.” 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,  
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,  
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep  
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?  
 “ No,” it’s reply’d ; “ the first almighty Cause 145  
 “ Acts not by partial but by gen’ral laws ;  
 “ Th’ exceptions few ; some change since all began ;  
 “ And what created perfect ?”—Why then Man ?

If the great end be human happiness,  
 Then Nature deviates ; and can Man do less ? 150  
 As much that end a constant course requires  
 Of show’rs and sunshine as of Man’s desires ;  
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,  
 As men for ever temp’rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav’n’s design,  
 Why then a Borgia or a Catiline ? 156  
 Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,  
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,  
 Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar’s mind, 159  
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?  
 From pride, from pride, our very reas’ning springs ;  
 Account for moral as for nat’ral things :  
 Why charge we Heav’n in those, in these acquit ?  
 In both to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165  
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;  
 That never air or ocean felt the wind,  
 That never passion discompos’d the mind :  
 But all subsists by elemental strife ;  
 And passions are the elements of life. 170  
 The gen’ral order, since the whole began,  
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man ? Now upward will he  
 And little less than angel, would be more ; [soar,  
 Now looking downwards, just as griev’d appears 175  
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made



Made for his use all creatures if he call,  
 Say what their use had he the pow'rs of all?  
 Nature to these without profusion kind,  
 The proper organs proper pow'rs assign'd;  
 Each seeming want compensated of course,  
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;  
 All in exact proportion to their state:  
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

180

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:  
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?  
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,  
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?

185

The blifs of Man (could Pride that blessing find,)  
 Is not to act or think beyond Mankind;  
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,  
 But what his Nature and his state can bear.

190

Why has not Man a microscopic eye?  
 For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.  
 Say what the use were finer optics giv'n,  
 T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?  
 Or touch, if trembling alive all o'er,  
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?  
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,  
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?

195

200

If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,  
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,  
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still  
 The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill?  
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,  
 Alike in what it gives and what denies?

205

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,  
 The scale of sensual, mental, pow'rs ascends:  
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,  
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass:  
 What mode's of sight betwixt each wide extreme,  
 The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam?  
 Of smell the headlong lioness between  
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green?  
 Of hearing from the life that fills the flood  
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?

210

215

The



The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!  
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:  
 In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,  
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew! 220  
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine  
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!  
 'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!  
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!  
 Remembrance and reflection how ally'd! 225  
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide!  
 And middle natures how they long to join,  
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!  
 Without this just gradation could they be  
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee? 230  
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,  
 Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
 Above, how high progressive life may go! 235  
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!  
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,  
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, Man,  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee; 240  
 From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:  
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245  
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll  
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the whole must fall. 250  
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky;  
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,  
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;  
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255  
 And Nature tremble to the throne of God:

All



All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?  
Vile worm!—oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,  
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260  
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd  
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?  
Just as absurd for any part to claim  
To be another in this gen'ral frame;  
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains 265  
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;  
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,  
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame, 270  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;  
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,  
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:  
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name;  
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree  
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.  
Submit—In this or any other sphere, 285  
Secure to be as blest'd as thou canst bear;  
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,  
Or in the natal or the mortal hour,  
All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance direction, which thou canst not see; 290  
All discord harmony not understood;  
All partial evil universal good:  
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, *Whatever is is right.* 294



## EPISTLE II.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to  
himself as an Individual.*

### The Argument.

I. The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself; his middle nature; his powers and frailties, v. 1, to 19. The limits of his capacity, v. 19, &c. II. The two principles of Man, self-love and reason, both necessary, v. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, v. 67, &c. Their end the same, v. 81, &c. III. The passions and their use, v. 93. to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, v. 132, to 160. Its necessity, in directing Men to different purposes, v. 165, &c. Its providential use in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, v. 177. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of Reason, v. 203, to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves in it, v. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, v. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, v. 241; how useful they are to society, v. 251; and to individuals, v. 263; in every state, and every age of life, v. 273, &c.

I. **K** NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is Man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise and rudely great;

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,

5

With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,

He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;

In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer;

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;

10

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,

Whether he thinks too little or too much:

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;

Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;

Created half to rise and half to fall;

15

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides;

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;

20

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,

Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;

Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,

To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;

Or tread the mazy round his foll'wers trod,

25

And quitting sense call imitating God;

As



As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,  
And turn their heads to imitate the sun ;  
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—  
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

30

Superior beings, when of late they saw  
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,  
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,  
Describe or fix one movement of his mind ?  
Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,  
Explain his own beginning or his end ?  
Alas ! what wonder ! Man's superior part  
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art ;  
But when his own great work is but begun,  
What Reason weaves by Passion is undone.

35

40

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide ;  
First strip off all her equipage of pride ;  
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,  
Or learning's luxury, or idleness ;  
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,  
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;  
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts  
Of all our vices have created arts ;

45

50

Then see how little the remaining sum,  
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come !

II. Two principles in human nature reign,  
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain ;  
Nor this a good nor that a bad we call,  
Each works its end to move or govern all,  
And to their proper operation still  
Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.

55

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;  
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.

60

Man but for that no action could attend,  
And but for this were active to no end ;  
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;  
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,  
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

65

Mosts



Most strength the moving principle requires;  
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.  
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,  
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70  
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh,  
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:  
 That sees immediate good by present sense;  
 Reason the future and the consequence.  
 Thicker than arguments temptations throng; 75  
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.  
 The action of the stronger to suspend  
 Reason still use, to reason still attend.  
 Attention habit and experience gains;  
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. 80  
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,  
 More studious to divide than to unite,  
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,  
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.  
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85  
 Have full as oft' no meaning, or the same.  
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,  
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;  
 But greedy that, its object would devour,  
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90  
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,  
 Our greatest evil or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call;  
 'Tis real good or seeming moves them all:  
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95  
 And reason bids us for our own provide,  
 Passions tho' selfish, if their means be fair,  
 List under reason, and deserve her care;  
 Those that imparted court a nobler aim,  
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name. 100

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast  
 Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;  
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;  
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:  
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul; 105  
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

On



On life's vast ocean diversely we sail;  
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;  
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,  
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions like elements, tho' born to fight,  
Yet mix'd and soften'd in his work unite:  
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;  
But what composes Man can Man destroy?  
Suffice, that Reason keep to Nature's road; 115  
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.  
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,  
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,  
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,  
Make and maintain the balance of the mind; 120  
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife  
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,  
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise;  
Present to grasp, and future still to find; 125  
The whole employ of body and of mind.  
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;  
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike:  
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,  
As strong or weak the organs of the frame; 130  
And hence one master-passion in the breast,  
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath  
Receives the lurking principle of death,  
The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135  
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his  
So, cast and mingled with his very frame, [strength;  
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came.  
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,  
Soon flows to this in body and in soul; 140  
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,  
As the mind opens and its functions spread,  
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,  
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse; 145  
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;



Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,  
As Heav'n's blest'd beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,  
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey : 150

Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,  
What can she more than tell us we are fools?  
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;  
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155  
The choice we make, or justify it made;

Proud of an easy conquest all along,  
She but removes weak passions for the strong:  
So when small humours gather to a gout,  
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;  
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:

'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow;  
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:

A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165  
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:

Like varying winds, by other passions tost,  
This drives them constant to a certain coast.

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,  
Or (oft' more strong than all) the love of ease; 170

Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence,  
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,

The monk's humility, the hero's pride;  
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' eternal Art educing good from ill, 175  
Grafts on this passion our best principle:

'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,  
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;

The dross cements what else were too refin'd,  
And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,  
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear,

The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,  
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.

What crops of wit and honesty appear 185  
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!

See



See anger zeal and fortitude supply ;  
 Ev'n av'rice prudence, sloth philosophy ;  
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,  
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ; 190  
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,  
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;  
 Nor virtue male or female can we name,  
 But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195  
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd :  
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill,  
 And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.  
 The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,  
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine : 200  
 The same ambition can destroy or save,  
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd  
 What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce ; 205  
 In Man they join to some mysterious use ;  
 Tho' each by turns the others bounds invade,  
 As in some well-wrought picture light and shade,  
 And oft' so mix, the diff'rence is too nice,  
 Where ends the virtue or begins the vice. 210

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall  
 That vice or virtue there is none at all.  
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite  
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?  
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ; 215  
 'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
 As to be hated needs but to be seen ;  
 Yet seen too oft', familiar with her face,  
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220  
 But where th' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed :  
 Ask where's the North? at York 'tis on the Tweed ;  
 In Scotland at the Orcades ; and there  
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.  
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 225  
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he ;



Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,  
 Or never feel the rage or never own,  
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,  
 The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,  
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:  
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,  
 And ev'n the best by fits what they despise.  
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill; 235  
 For vice or virtue self directs it still;  
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;  
 But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole:  
 That counterworks each folly and caprice;  
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice; 240  
 That happy frailtie's to all ranks apply'd,  
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,  
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,  
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:  
 That virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245  
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward, but praise;  
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,  
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,  
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250  
 Bids each on other for assistance call,  
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.  
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally  
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.  
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255  
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;  
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,  
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;  
 Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,  
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.  
 The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,  
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;  
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265  
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.

See



See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;  
The starving chymist in his golden views  
Supremely blest'd, the poet in his Muse.

270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,  
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:  
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,  
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law  
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:  
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite:

275

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:  
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,  
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

280

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays,  
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;  
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,  
And each vacuity of sense by pride:

285

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;  
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy;  
One prospect lost another still we gain,  
And not a vanity is given in vain;

290

Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,  
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.  
See! and confess one comfort still must rise;  
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

294





## EPISTLE III.

### *Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.*

#### The Argument.

I. THE whole universe one system of society, v. 7. &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, v. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, v. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, v. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, v. 99. III. How far society carried by instinct, v. 109; how much farther by reason, v. 128. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, v. 147. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, v. 166; and in the forms of Society, v. 176. V. Origin of political Societies, v. 199; origin of monarchy, v. 207; Patriarchal government, v. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love, v. 215, &c. origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear, v. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, v. 265. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, v. 285. Mixed government, v. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, v. 300, &c.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause  
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."  
In all the madness of superfluous health,  
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,  
Let this great truth be present night and day, 5  
But most be present if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love  
Combining all below and all above.  
See plastic Nature working to this end,  
The single atoms each to other tend; 10  
Attract, attracted to, the next in place  
Form'd and impel'd its neighbour to embrace.  
See matter next, with various life endu'd,  
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good:  
See dying vegetables life sustain, 15  
See life dissolving vegetate again.  
All forms that perish other forms supply,  
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die;)  
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20  
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;  
One all-extending, all-preserving, soul  
Connects each being, greatest with the least,  
Made beast an aid of Man, and Man of beast;  
All serv'd, all-serving; nothing stands alone; 25  
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has



Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,  
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?  
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton lawn,  
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. 30  
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?  
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.  
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?  
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.  
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride 35  
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?  
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.  
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?  
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer. 40  
 The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,  
 Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know Nature's children all divide her care;  
 The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.  
 While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!  
 "See Man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose. 46  
 And just as short of reason he must fall  
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control;  
 Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole: 50  
 Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows  
 And helps another creature's wants and woes.  
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,  
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?  
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55  
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?  
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,  
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;  
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,  
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride: 60  
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy  
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.  
 That very life his learned hunger craves,  
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;  
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65  
 And till he ends the being makes it blest;

Which



Which fees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,  
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.

The creature had his feast of life before ;

Thou, too, must perish when thy feast is o'er !

70

To each unthinking being Heav'n, a friend,  
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :

To man imparts it, but with such a view

As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,

75

Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

Great standing miracle ! that Heav'n assign'd  
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason or with instinct blest,

Know all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best ;

80

To bliss alike by that direction tend,

And find the means proportion'd to their end.

Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,

What pope or council can they need beside ?

Reason, however able, cool at best,

85

Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,

Stays till we call, and then not often near,

But honest instinct comes a volunteer,

Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,

While still too wide or short is human wit ;

90

Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,

Which heavier reason labours at in vain.

This, too, serves always ; reason never long ;

One must go right, the other may go wrong.

See then the acting and comparing pow'rs

95

One in their nature, which are two in ours ;

And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,

In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood

To shun their poison, and to chuse their food ?

100

Prescient, the tides or tempest to withstand,

Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?

Who made the spider parallels design,

Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?

Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore

105

Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before ?

Who



Who calls the council, states the certain day,  
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God in the nature of each being founds  
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds; 110  
But as he fram'd the whole the whole to bless,  
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:  
So from the first eternal Order ran,  
And creature link'd to creature, Man to Man.  
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps, 115  
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,  
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds  
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.  
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,  
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120  
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,  
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.  
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace!  
They love themselves a third time in their race.  
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend;  
The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend; 126  
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,  
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;  
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,  
Another love succeeds another race. 130  
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;  
That longer care contracts more lasting bands;  
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,  
At once extend the int'rest and the love;  
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135  
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;  
And still new needs, new helps, new habits, rise,  
That graft benevolence on charities.  
Still as one brood and as another rose,  
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 140  
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,  
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:  
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,  
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;  
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145  
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor



IV. Nor think in Nature's state they blindly trod ;  
 The state of Nature was the reign of God :  
 Self-love and social at her birth began,  
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150  
 Pride then was not, nor arts that pride to aid ;  
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;  
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;  
 No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed :  
 In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155  
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :  
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,  
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :  
 Heav'n's attribute was universal care,  
 And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160  
 Ah ! how unlike the Man of times to come !  
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;  
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,  
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.  
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165  
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;  
 The fury-passions from that blood began,  
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from nature rising flow to art !  
 To copy instinct then was Reason's part : 170  
 Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake---  
 " Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :  
 " Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;  
 " Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;  
 " Thy arts of building from the bee receive ; 175  
 " Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;  
 " Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.  
 " Here, too, all forms of social union find,  
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind :  
 " Here subterranean works and cities see ; 181  
 " There towns aerial on the waving tree.  
 " Learn each small people's genius, policies,  
 " The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;  
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow,  
 " And anarchy without confusion know ; 186  
 " And



“ And these for ever, tho’ a monarch reign,  
 “ Their sep’rate cells and properties maintain.  
 “ Mark what unvary’d laws preserve each state,  
 “ Laws wise as Nature, and as fix’d as Fate. 190  
 “ In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,  
 “ Entangle Justice in her net of law,  
 “ And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,  
 “ Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.  
 “ Yet go! and thus o’er all the creatures sway, 195  
 “ Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;  
 “ And for those arts mere instinct could afford,  
 “ Be crown’d as monarchs, or as gods ador’d.”

V. Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey’d;  
 Cities were built, societies were made: 200  
 Here rose one little state; another near  
 Grew by like means, and join’d thro’ love or fear.  
 Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,  
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?  
 What war could ravish commerce could bestow,  
 And he return’d a friend who came a foe. 206  
 Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,  
 When love was liberty, and Nature law.  
 Thus states were form’d, the name of King unknown,  
 Till common int’rest plac’d the sway in one. 210  
 ’Twas virtue only, (or in arts or arms  
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,)  
 The same which in a fire the sons obey’d,  
 A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown’d, each patriarch sate  
 King, priest, and parent, of his growing state; 216  
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,  
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.  
 He from the wond’ring furrow call’d the food,  
 Taught to command the fire, control the flood, 220  
 Draw forth the monsters of th’ abyss profound,  
 Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground;  
 Till drooping, sick’ning, dying, they began  
 Whom they rever’d as God to mourn as Man:  
 Then looking up from fire to fire, explor’d 225  
 One great first Father, and that first ador’d:

Or



Or plain tradition that this All begun,  
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;  
 The worker from the work distinct was known,  
 And simple reason never sought but one. 230  
 Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,  
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;  
 To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,  
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.  
 Love all the faith and all th' allegiance then, 235  
 For Nature knew no right divine in Men;  
 No ill could fear in God, and understood  
 A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.  
 True faith, true policy, united ran;  
 That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,  
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one;  
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,  
 'T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause.  
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,  
 Till superstition taught the tyrant awe, 246  
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,  
 And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects, made:  
 She 'midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,  
 When rock'd the mountains and when groan'd the  
 ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray  
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they;  
 She from the rending earth and bursting skies  
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;  
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest'd abodes; 255  
 Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;  
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,  
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;  
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,  
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.  
 Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide, 261  
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride:  
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;  
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:



Then first the flamen tasted living food,  
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;  
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,  
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

265

So drives self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,  
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:  
The same self-love in all becomes the cause  
Of what restrains him, government and laws.  
For what one likes if others like as well?  
What serves one will when many wills rebel?  
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,  
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?  
His safety must his liberty restrain;  
All join to guard what each desires to gain.  
Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,  
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:  
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,  
And found the private in the public good.

270

275

280

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,  
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human-kind,  
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore  
The faith and moral Nature gave before;  
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new:  
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;  
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,  
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,  
The less or greater set so justly true,  
That touching one must strike the other too,  
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create  
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.  
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs  
From order, union, full consent of things;  
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made  
To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;  
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,  
And in proportion as it blesses blest;  
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring  
Beast, Man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.  
For forms of government let fools contest;  
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:

285

291

295

300



For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; 305  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity:

All must be false that thwart this one great end;  
And all of God that bless mankind or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;  
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.  
On their own axis as the planets run,  
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;  
So two consistent motions act the soul, 315  
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,  
And bade self-love and social be the same. 318





## EPISTLE IV.

### *Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.*

#### *The Argument.*

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, from v. 19. to 27. II. It is the end of all Men, and attainable by all, v. 29. God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular, laws, v. 35. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, v. 51: but, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence by the two passions of hope and fear, v. 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, v. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, v. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, v. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, v. 131, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue, v. 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue, instanced in Riches, v. 185. Honours, v. 193. Nobility, v. 205. Greatness, v. 217. Fame, v. 237. Superior talents, v. 259, &c. with pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all, v. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, v. 309, &c. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, v. 327, &c.

OH, Happiness! our being's end and aim! [name;  
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy  
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;  
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5  
O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool and wise;  
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,  
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?  
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,  
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10  
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?  
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,  
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:  
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere; 15  
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:  
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,  
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.  
Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;  
This bids to serve and that to shun mankind. 20



Some place the bliss in action, some in ease ;  
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these ;  
 Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;  
 Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain !  
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25  
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
 Than this, that happiness is happiness ?

Take Nature's path and mad Opinion's leave ;  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ; 30  
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;  
 There needs but thinking right and meaning well ;  
 And mourn our various portions as we please,  
 Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, Man, " the Universal Cause 35  
 " Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws,"  
 And makes what Happiness we justly call  
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find  
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind ; 40  
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,  
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd.  
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend  
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.

Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45  
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink ;  
 Each has his share ; and who would more obtain  
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heav'n's first law ; and, this confess,  
 Some are and must be greater than the rest ; 50  
 More rich, more wise : but who infers from hence  
 That such are happier shocks all common sense.  
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,  
 If all are equal in their happiness :

But mutual wants this happiness increase ; 55  
 All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;  
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,  
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,  
 In him who is or him who finds a friend : 60

Heav'n



Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole  
 One common blessing, as one common soul.  
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,  
 And each were equal, must not all contest?  
 If then to all men happiness was meant,  
 God in externals could not place content.

65

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those,  
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear  
 While those are plac'd in hope and these in fear:  
 Not present good or ill the joy or curse,  
 But future views of better or of worse.

70

Oh! Sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise  
 By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies?  
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,  
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

75

Know all the good that individuals find,  
 Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,  
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.  
 But health consists with temperance alone;  
 And peace, oh, Virtue! peace is all thy own.  
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;  
 But these less taste them as they worse obtain.

81

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,  
 Who risk the most that take wrong means or right?  
 Of vice or virtue, whether blest'd or curst,  
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?  
 Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,  
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:  
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,  
 One they must want, which is to pass for good.

85

90

Oh! blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,  
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!  
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,  
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

95

But fools the good alone unhappy call,  
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.  
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!  
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!

100

See



See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!  
 Was this their virtue or contempt of life?  
 Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,  
 Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?  
 Tell me if virtue made the son expire, 105  
 Why full of days and honour lives the fire?  
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath  
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?  
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)  
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110

What makes all physical or moral ill?  
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.  
 God sends not ill, if rightly understood,  
 Or partial ill is universal good,  
 Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115  
 Short and but rare till Man improv'd it all.  
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain  
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,  
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease  
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120  
 Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause  
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,  
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?  
 On air or sea new motions be imprest, 125  
 Oh, blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?  
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
 Shall gravitation cease if you go by?  
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,  
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)  
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?  
 A kingdom of the just then let it be;  
 But first consider how those just agree.  
 The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135  
 But who but God can tell us who they are?  
 One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell;  
 Another deems him instrument of Hell:  
 If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing or its rod,  
 This cries There is, and that There is no God. 140

What



What shocks one part will edify the rest;  
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.  
 The very best will variously incline,  
 And what rewards your virtue punish mine.  
 Whatever is is right.—This world, 'tis true, 145  
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:  
 And which more blest'd? who chain'd his country, say,  
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

“ But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.”  
 What then? is the reward of virtue bread? 150  
 That vice may merit; 'tis the price of toil;  
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,  
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,  
 Where Folly fights for kings or dives for gain.  
 The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155  
 Nor is his claim to plenty but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er? [pow'r?"  
 “ No—shall the good want health, the good want  
 Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing;  
 “ Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"  
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n? 161  
 Why is not Man a god, and earth a heav'n?  
 Who ask and reason thus will scarce conceive  
 God gives enough while he has more to give:  
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;  
 Say at what part of Nature will they stand? 166

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,  
 The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy  
 Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?  
 Then give Humility a coach and fix, 170  
 Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,  
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there  
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?  
 The Boy and Man an individual makes, 175  
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?  
 Go, like the Indian, in another life  
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,  
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,  
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind: 180

Rewards



Rewards that either would to virtue bring  
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing.  
 How oft' by these at sixty are undone  
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!  
 To whom can riches give repute or trust, 185  
 Content or pleasure, but the good and just?  
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;  
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh! fool, to think God hates the worthy mind,  
 The lover and the love of human-kind, 190  
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,  
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year!

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.  
 Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made, 195  
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,  
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.  
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and coul?"  
 I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool. 200  
 You'll find if once the monarch acts the monk,  
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk.  
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,  
 That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings, 206  
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,  
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:  
 But by your father's worth if your's you rate,  
 Count me those only who were good and great. 210  
 Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood  
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,  
 Go! and pretend your family is young,  
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.  
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? 215  
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on Greatness; say where greatness lies?  
 "Where but among the heroes and the wise?"  
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220

The



The whole strange purpose of their lives to find  
Or make an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.

No less alike the politic and wise; 225

All fly slow things with circumspective eyes:

Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,

Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: 130

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,

Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235

Like Socrates; that man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath;

A thing beyond us ev'n before our death:

Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown

The same (my Lord) if 'Tully's or your own. 240

All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the small circle of our foes or friends:

To all beside as much an empty shade

An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead:

Alike or when or where they shone or shine, 245

Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;

An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,

As Justice tears his body from the grave; 250

When what t' oblivion better were resign'd

Is hung on high to poison half mankind.

All fame is foreign but of true desert;

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs 255

Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels

Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260

'Tis



'Tis but to know how little can be known,  
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own;  
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,  
 Without a second, or without a judge,  
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?  
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand. 266  
 Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view  
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;  
 Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount;  
 How much of other each is sure to cost; 271  
 How each for other oft' is wholly lost;  
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;  
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:  
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275  
 Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall?  
 To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,  
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.  
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?

Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife. 280  
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
 The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind;  
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,  
 See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!

If all united thy ambition call, 285  
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all:  
 There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,  
 See the false scale of happiness complete!  
 In hearts of kings or arms of queens who lay,  
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray. 290

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,  
 From dirt and seaweed, as proud Venus rose;  
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,  
 And all that raise the hero sunk the Man;  
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295  
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold;  
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,  
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh, wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame  
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 300  
 What



What greater bliss attends their close of life?  
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,  
 The trophy'd arches story'd halls invade,  
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.  
 Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray, 305  
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;  
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,  
 A tale that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)  
 "Virtue alone is happiness below:" 310

The only point where human bliss stands still,  
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;  
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,  
 Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;  
 The joy unequall'd if its end it gain, 315  
 And if it lose attended with no pain:  
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,  
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:  
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,  
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears: 320  
 Good from each object, from each place, acquir'd,  
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;  
 Never elated while one man's oppress'd;  
 Never dejected while another's bless'd;  
 And where no wants no wishes can remain, 325  
 Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!  
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:  
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,  
 The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;  
 Slave to no sect who takes no private road, 331  
 But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God;  
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,  
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;  
 Sees that no being any bliss can know, 335  
 But touches some above and some below;  
 Learns from this union of the rising whole,  
 The first, last, purpose of the human soul;  
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,  
 All end in love of God and love of Man. 340

For



For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,  
 And opens still and opens on his soul,  
 Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,  
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.  
 He sees why Nature plants in Man alone 345  
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown :  
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find :)  
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this  
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ; 350  
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,  
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,  
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.  
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ? 355  
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part :  
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,  
 In one close system of Benevolence :  
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,  
 And height of bliss but height of charity. 360

God loves from whole to parts ; but human soul  
 Must rise from individual to the whole.  
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;  
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds, 365  
 Another still, and still another spreads ;  
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;  
 His country next, and next all human race :  
 Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind  
 Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind : 370  
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,  
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend ! my Genius ! come along ;  
 Oh, master of the poet and the song !  
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375  
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,  
 Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,  
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;  
 Form'd by thy converse happily to steer  
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe ; 380

Correct



Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
Intent to reason, or polite to please.  
Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,  
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?  
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,  
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,  
Shall then this Verse to future age pretend  
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390  
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art  
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;  
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,  
Shew'd erring Pride whatever is is right;  
That reason, passion, answer one great aim; 395  
That true self-love and social are the same;  
That virtue only makes our bliss below,  
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. 398





[As some passages in the Essay on Man have been suspected of favouring the schemes of Leibnitz and Spinoza, or of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, it is thought proper here to insert the two following Letters, to show how ill-grounded such a suspicion is.—These letters are not in any London edition.]

*Mr. Pope to the Younger Racine, a celebrated French writer, occasioned by his animadversions on his Essay on Man, in a Poem called Religion.*

SIR,

London, Sept. 1, 1742.

THE expectation in which I have been for some time past of receiving the present you have honoured me with, was the occasion of my delaying so long to answer your letter. I am at length favoured with your Poem upon Religion, and should have received, from the perusal of it, a pleasure unmixed with pain, had I not the mortification to find that you impute several principles to me which I abhor and detest. My uneasiness met some alleviation from a passage in your preface, where you declare your inability, from a want of knowledge of the English language, to give your own judgment on The Essay on Man. You add, that you do not controvert my tenets, but the evil consequences deducible from them, and the maxims which some persons of notable sagacity have imagined that they have discovered in my Poem. This declaration is a shining proof of your candour, your discretion, and your charity. I must take leave to assure you, Sir, that your unacquaintance with the original has not proved more fatal to me than the imperfect conceptions of my translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real sentiments. The many additional embellishments which my Piece has received from the versions of M. D. R---, have not done an honour to The Essay on Man equal to the prejudice it has suffered from his frequent misapprehension of the principles it inculcates. These mistakes, you will perceive, are totally refuted in the English piece  
which



which I have transmitted to you. It is a critical and philosophic commentary, written by the learned author of the Divine Legation of Moses. I flatter myself that the Chevalier Ramsay will, from his zeal for truth, take the trouble to explain the contents of it. I shall then persuade myself that your suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no appeal from your candour and justice.

In the mean time, I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially in regard to some particulars about which you have desired an answer.

I must avow then, openly and sincerely, that my principles are diametrically opposite to the sentiments of Spinoza and Leibnitz; they are perfectly coincident with the tenets of M. Paschal and the Archbishop of Cambray; and I shall always esteem it an honour to me to imitate the moderation with which the latter submitted his private opinions to the decisions of the church of which he professed himself a member.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. POPE.

*M. Racine's answer to Mr. Pope.*

SIR,

Paris, Oct. 25, 1742.

THE mildness and humility with which you justify yourself is a convincing proof of your religion; the more so, as you have done it to one on whom it is incumbent to make his own apology for his rash attack upon your character. Your manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any mixture of reproach: but though you acquit me with so much politeness, I shall not so easily forgive myself.

Certain it is, a precipitance of zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard positions, said to be your's, or at least consequences resulting from your Essay, cited against certain truths which I now find you respect as much as myself, I thought I had a right to enter the lists with you. The passage in my pre-



face was extorted from me by a degree of remorse which I felt in writing against you. This remorse, Sir, was awakened in me by the consideration that the greatest men are always the most susceptible of the truths of Revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr. Pope should oppose a religion whose enemies have ever been contemptible; and it appeared strange that, in a Work which points out the road to happiness, you should furnish arms to those who are industrious to misguide us in the research.

Your letter, at the same time that it does honour to your character, must bring a blush in my face for having entertained unjust suspicions: but notwithstanding this, I think myself obliged to make it public. The injury which I have done you was so, the reparation should be the same. I owe this to you, I owe it to myself, I owe it to justice.

Whatever may be said in your favour in the commentary you have sent me, it is now rendered unnecessary by your own declaration. The respect which you avow for the religion you profess, is a sufficient vindication of your doctrine. I will add, that, for the future, those among us who shall feel the laudable ambition of making their poetry subservient to religion, ought to take you for their model; and it should ever be remembered that the greatest poet in England is one of the humblest sons of the church.

I am, &c.





# MORAL ESSAYS, IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

---

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se  
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:  
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,  
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,  
Interdum urbani parentis viribus, atque  
Extenuantis eas consulto. HOR.

---

## Advertisement.

*THE Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in Four Books:*

*The First of which the Author has given us under that title in Four Epistles.*

*The Second was to have consisted of the same number:*  
1. *Of the extent and limits of human reason.* 2. *Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable.* 3. *Of the nature, ends, use, and application, of the different capacities of men.* 4. *Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.*

*The Third Book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they effect society: between which the Author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connection; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.*

*The Fourth and last Book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations, of human life*

*The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one*



or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected Books.

The First, as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects of the three following: so that

The Second Book was to take up again the first and second Epistles of the First Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the Fourth Book of the *Dunciad*, and up and down, occasionally, in the other Three.

The Third Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the Third Epistle of the First, which treats of Man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The Fourth and last Book was to pursue the subject of the Fourth Epistle of the First, and treats of ethics, or practical morality, and would have consisted of many members; of which the Four following Epistles were detached portions: the two first, on the characters of Men and Women, being the introductory part of this concluding Book.



# MORAL ESSAYS.

## EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

*Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.*

### The Argument.

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, v. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, v. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, v. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. v. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in Men to observe by, v. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, v. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, v. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, v. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, v. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, v. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, v. 100. II. Yet to form characters we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from policy, v. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, v. 135; and some reason for it, v. 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, v. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from v. 158 to 174. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, v. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, v. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, v. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, v. 222, &c.

### PART I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,  
Who from his study rails at human-kind;  
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance  
Some gen'ral maxims or be right be chance.  
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5  
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,  
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,  
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,  
Men may be read, as well as books, too much. 10  
To observations which ourselves we make  
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;  
To written wisdom, as another's less:  
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.  
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15  
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein.



Shall only man be taken in the gross?

Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs first confess,

Next, that he varies from himself no less;

20

Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,

And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds?

Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds.

On human actions reason tho' you can,

25

It may be reason, but it is not man:

His principle of action once explore,

That instant 'tis his principle no more.

Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,

You lose it in the moment you detect.

30

Yet more; the difference is as great between

The optics seeing as the objects seen.

All manners take a tincture from our own,

Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown;

Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,

35

Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,

It hurries all too fast to mark their way:

In vain sedate reflections we would make,

When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

Oft' in the passions' wild rotation tost,

41

Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:

Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,

And what comes then is master of the field.

As the last image of that troubled heap,

45

When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,

(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)

Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought;

Something as dim to our internal view

Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

50

True, some are open, and to all men known;

Others so very close they're hid from none;

(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light;)

Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;

And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul

55

Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.

At



At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,  
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves :  
 When universal homage Umbra pays,  
 All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60  
 When flatt'ry glares all hate it in a queen,  
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find ;  
 Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :  
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole, 65  
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul.  
 The dull flat falsehood serves for policy ;  
 And in the cunning truth itself's a lie :  
 Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise ;  
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man in vigour, in the gout,  
 Alone, in company, in place, or out,  
 Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late,  
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate,  
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball, 75  
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,  
 Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,  
 Save just at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,  
 A rogue with ven'son to a saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,  
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,  
 His comprehensive head! all int'rests weigh'd,  
 All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.  
 He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette, 85  
 New-market fame, and judgment at a bett.

What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Charron)  
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?  
 A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,  
 A godless regent tremble at a star? 90  
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,  
 Faithless thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit?  
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard, rule,  
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and Nature only are the same. 95  
 In man the judgment shoots at flying game ;

A bird



A bird of passage, gone as soon as found ;  
Now in the moon, perhaps now under ground.

## PART II.

IN vain the sage, with retrospective eye, 99  
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why,  
Infer the motive from the deed, and show  
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.  
Behold ! if Fortune or a mistress frowns,  
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns :  
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight 105  
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.  
The same adult complexion has impell'd  
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions shew the man : we find  
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind : 110  
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast ;  
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :  
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat ;  
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.  
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ; 115  
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.  
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;  
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;  
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can :  
The few that glare each character must mark ; 121  
You balance not the many in the dark.  
What will you do with such as disagree ?  
Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?  
Must then at once (the character to save) 125  
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?  
Alas ! in truth, the man but chang'd his mind ;  
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.  
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?  
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat. 130  
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ?  
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.  
But, sage Historians ! 'tis your task to prove  
One action conduct, one heroic love.

'Tis



'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;  
 A faint in crape is twice a faint in lawn : 136  
 A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still ;  
 A gownman learn'd ; a bishop what you will :  
 Wise if a minister ; but if a king,  
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.  
 Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate, 141  
 Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.  
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,  
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.  
 Tho' the same fun with all-diffusive rays 145  
 Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,  
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,  
 And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;  
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd. 150  
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;  
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar :  
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;  
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.  
 Is he a Churchman ? then he's fond of pow'r : 155 }  
 A Quaker ? fly : a Presbyterian ? four :  
 A smart free-thinker ? all things in an hour. }  
 Ask men's opinion : Scoto now shall tell,  
 How trade increases and the world goes well :  
 Strike off his pension by the setting sun, 160  
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,  
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce ?  
 Some god or spirit he has lately found,  
 Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd. 165

Judge we by Nature ? habit can efface,  
 Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place.  
 By actions ? those uncertainty divides.  
 By Passions ? these dissimulation hides.  
 Opinions ? they still take a wider range. 170  
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,  
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.



## PART III.

SEARCH then the ruling passion : there, alone, 174  
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;  
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;  
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.  
 This clue once found unravels all the rest,  
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.  
 Wharton ! the scorn and wonder of our days, 180  
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :  
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,  
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies :  
 Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,  
 The club must hail him master of the joke. 185  
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?  
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too :  
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores  
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;  
 Enough if all around him but admire, 190  
 And now the punk applaud and now the friar.  
 Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,  
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;  
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,  
 And most contemptible to shun contempt ; 195  
 His passion still to covet gen'ral praise,  
 His life to forfeit it a thousand ways ;  
 A constant bounty which no friend has made ;  
 An angel tongue which no man can persuade ;  
 A fool with more of wit than half mankind, 200  
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd ;  
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;  
 A rebel to the very king he loves ;  
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,  
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great ! 205  
 Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule ?  
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.  
 Nature well known no prodigies remain ;  
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.  
 Yet in this search the wisest may mistake, 210  
 If second qualities for first they take.

When



When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store,  
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,  
 In this the lust, in that the avarice,  
 Were means, not ends ; ambition was the vice. 215  
 That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,  
 Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.  
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,  
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.  
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220  
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,  
 As fits give vigour just when they destroy.  
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
 Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand. 225  
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,  
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,  
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last ;  
 As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out 230  
 As sober Laneb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace  
 Has made the father of a nameless race,  
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd  
 By his own son, that passes by unblest'd ; 235  
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,  
 And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;  
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.  
 " Mercy !" cries Helluo, " mercy on my soul ! 240  
 " Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,  
 Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,  
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,  
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245  
 " Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,  
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke !)  
 " No, let a charming chints and Brussels lace  
 " Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :  
 " One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead---  
 " And---Betty---give this cheek a little red." 251



The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd  
 An humble servant to all human kind, [stir,  
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could  
 "If---where I'm going---I could serve you, Sir?"

"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said, 156  
 And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."  
 "Your money, Sir?"---"My money, Sir, what, all?"  
 "Why---if I must---(then wept) I give it Paul." 259  
 "The manor, Sir?"---"The manor! hold," he cry'd;  
 "Not that---I cannot part with that"---and dy'd.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath,  
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;  
 Such in those moments as in all the past, 264  
 "Oh! save my country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.

## EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

*Of the Characters of Women.*

*The Argument.*

THAT the particular characters of Women are not so strongly marked as those of Men, seldom so fix'd, and still more inconsistent with themselves, v. 1, &c. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as I. in the affected, v. 21, &c. II. In the soft-natur'd, v. 29, and 37. III. In the cunning and artful, v. 45. IV. In the whimsical, v. 53. V. In the lewd and vicious, v. 69. VI. In the witty and refined, v. 87. VII. In the stupid and simple, v. 101. The former part having shewn that the particular characters of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform, v. 207. This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity, v. 211. What are the aims and the fate of this sex---I. As to power, v. 219. II. As to pleasure, v. 231. Advice for their true interest, v. 249. The picture of an estimable Woman, with the best kind of contrarieties, v. 269.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,  
 "Most women have no characters at all:"  
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view, 5  
 All how unlike each other, all how true!  
 Arcadia's Countess here, in ermin'd pride,  
 Is there Pastora by a fountain side:



Here Fannia leering on her own good man,  
And there a naked Leda with a swan.

10

Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,  
In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,  
Or dress'd in smile's of sweet Cecilia shine,  
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine,  
Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,  
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

15

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!  
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;  
Chuse a firm cloud before it fall, and in it  
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

20

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park  
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,  
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke  
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock,  
Or Sappho at her toilette's greasy task  
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:  
So morning insects, that in muck begun,  
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

25

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;  
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend:  
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice,  
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.  
Sudden she storms! she raves! you tip the wink;  
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.  
All eyes may see from what the change arose;  
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

30

35

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,  
Sighs for the shades---“How charming is a park!”  
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees  
All bath'd in tears---“Oh, odious, odious trees!”

Ladies like variegated tulips show;  
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe:  
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,  
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.

41

'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,  
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;  
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;  
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise:

45



Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had :  
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ;  
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create  
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

50

Narcissa's nature, tolerable mild,  
 To make a wash would hardly stew a child,  
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,  
 And paid a tradesman once to make him stare ;  
 Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,  
 And made a widow happy for a whim.

55

Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,  
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne ?

60

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name,  
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame ?

Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,  
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres :  
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns,  
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns ;

66

A very Heathen in the carnal part,  
 Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state, majestically drunk,  
 Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk ;  
 Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside ;  
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.

70

What then ? let blood and body bear the fault,  
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought.

Such this day's doctrine---in another fit

75

She sins with poets thro' pure love of wit.

What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain ?

Cæsar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlemagne.

As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,

The nose of haut-goût, and the tip of taste,  
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,

80

Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat ;

So Philomédé, lect'ring all mankind

On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,

Th' address, the delicacy---swoops at once,

85

And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray :  
 To toast our wants and wishes is her way ;

Nor



Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give  
 The mighty blessing, "while we live to live." 90  
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!  
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.  
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?  
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.  
 Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please:  
 With too much spirit to be e'r at ease; 96  
 With too much quickness ever to be taught;  
 With too much thinking to have common thought;  
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,  
 And die of nothing but a rage to live. 100

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate;  
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate;  
 Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,  
 Because she's honest and the best of friends;  
 Or her whose life the church and scandal share, 105  
 For ever in a passion or a pray'r;  
 Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)  
 Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no such place!"  
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears  
 Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears, 110  
 The daily anodyne and nightly draught,  
 To kill those foes to fair-ones, Time and Thought.  
 Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;  
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind? 115  
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!  
 Who with herself, or others, from her birth,  
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;  
 Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,  
 Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules: 120  
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain  
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.  
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade;  
 The wisest fool much time has ever made:  
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125  
 No passion gratify'd, except her rage:  
 So much the fury still outran the wit,  
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.



Who breaks with her provokes revenge from Hell,  
But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130

Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,  
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :  
To that each passion turns or soon or late ;  
Love if it makes her yield must make her hate.  
Superiors ? death ! and equals ? what a curse ! 135  
But an inferior not dependent ? worse.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;  
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live ;  
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust  
And temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140

Last night her lord was all that's good and great ;  
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.  
Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,  
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,  
By wealth of foll'wers ! without one distress, 145  
Sick of herself thro' very selfishness !

Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,  
Childless with all her children, wants an heir :  
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,  
Or wanders, Heav'n directed, to the poor. 150

Pictures like these, dear Madam ! to design,  
Asks no firm hand and no unerring line ;  
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,  
Some flying stroke, alone can hit them right :  
For how should equal colours do the knack ? 155  
Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

“ Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.”—  
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.  
“ With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,  
“ Say, what can Chloe want ? ”—She wants a heart.  
She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought, 161

But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.  
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,  
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165  
As never yet to love or to be lov'd.

She while her lover pants upon her breast,  
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;

And



And when she sees her friend in deep despair,  
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair. 170

Forbid it, Heav'n! a favour or a debt  
She e'er should cancel!--but she may forget.

Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;

But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.

Of all her dears she never slander'd one, 175

But cares not if a thousand are undone.

Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?

She bids her footman put it in her head.

Chloe is prudent---Would you too be wise?

Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,  
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a queen;

The same for ever! and describ'd by all

With truth and goodness as with crown and ball.

Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will, 185

And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.

'Tis well---but, Artists! who can paint or write,

To draw the naked is your true delight.

That robe of quality so struts and swells,

None see what parts of Nature it conceals: 190

Th' exactest traits of body or of mind

We owe to models of an humble kind.

If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,

'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.

From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing 195

To draw the man who loves his God or king.

Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)

From honest Mah'met or plain Parson Hale.

But grant in public men sometimes are shown,

A Woman's seen in private life alone: 200

Our bolder talents in full light display'd,

Your virtues open fairest in the shade.

Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;

There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,

Weakness or delicacy; all so nice, 205

That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;

In women two almost divide the kind;

Those



Those only fix'd they first or last obey,  
The love of pleasure and the love of sway. 210

That Nature gives; and where the lesson taught  
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?  
Experience this: by man's oppression curst,  
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to bus'ness some to pleasure take, 215  
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a rake:  
Men some to quiet some to public strife,  
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!  
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means. 220

In youth they conquer with so wild a rage  
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:  
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;  
No thought of peace or happiness at home.  
But Wildom's triumph is well tim'd retreat, 225  
As hard a science to the fair as great!

Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,  
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;  
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,  
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures the sex as children birds pursue,  
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;  
Sure if they catch to spoil the toy at most,  
To covet flying, and regret when lost:  
At last to follies youth could scarce defend, 235  
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;

Asham'd to own they gave delight before,  
Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more.  
As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spight,  
So these their merry miserable night; 240  
Still round and round the ghosts of Beauty glide,  
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the World its veterans rewards!  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;  
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245  
Young without lovers, old without a friend;  
A sop their passion, but their prize a sot,  
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

Ah!



Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the vain design; 249  
 To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!  
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring  
 Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.  
 So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,  
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,  
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines, 255  
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray  
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;  
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear  
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear; 260  
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
 Or if she rules him never shows she rules;  
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys;  
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will, 265  
 Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;  
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,  
 And mistress of herself tho' china fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,  
 Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270  
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can  
 Its last best work, but forms a softer man;  
 Picks from each sex to make the fav'rite blest,  
 Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;  
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 275  
 Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;  
 Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,  
 Courage with softness, modesty with pride;  
 Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new,  
 Shakes all together, and produces---you. 280

Be this a Woman's fame; with this unblest  
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.  
 This Phoebus promis'd (I forget the year)  
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;  
 Ascendant Phoebus watch'd that hour with care, 285  
 Averted half your parent's simple pray'r,  
 And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf  
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.



The gen'rous god who wit and gold refines,  
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,  
 Kept dross for duchesses; the world shall know it,  
 To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.

290

## EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

*Of the Use of Riches.**The Argument.*

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, v. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, v. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, v. 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, v. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, v. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, v. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, v. 179. How a prodigal does the same, v. 199. The due medium and true use of Riches, v. 219. The Man of Rags, v. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, v. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, v. 339, to the end.

P. **W**HO shall decide when doctors disagree,  
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?  
 You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,  
 That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n,  
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,  
 For some to heap and some to throw away.

5

But I, who think more highly of our kind,  
 (And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind)  
 Opine that Nature, as in duty bound,  
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:  
 But when by man's audacious labour won,  
 Flam'd forth this rival to its fire the Sun,  
 Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of men,  
 To squander these, and those to hide agen.

10

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,  
 We find our tenets just the same at last;  
 Both fairly owning Riches, in effect,  
 No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' elect;  
 Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,  
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.  
 B. What

16

20



B. What nature wants commodious gold bestows;  
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows observe;  
 'Tis thus we riot while who sow it starve:  
 What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25  
 Extends to luxury, extends to lust:

Useful I grant, it serves what life requires,  
 But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend:

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid: 31

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.  
 In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave,  
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak 35  
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,  
 And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,  
 "Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Bless'd paper credit! last and best supply!  
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 40  
 Gold imp'd by thee can compass hardest things,  
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;

A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,  
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore;  
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45  
 Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;  
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,  
 And silent sells a king or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see  
 Still, as of old, incumber'd villany! 50  
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs  
 With all their brandies or with all their wines?  
 What could they more than knights and 'squires con-  
 Or water all the quorum ten miles round? [found,  
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!

"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil; 56  
 "Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;  
 "A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,  
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind, 60

Astride



Afride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,  
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,  
 Whom with a wig so wild and mien so maz'd  
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.  
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,  
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs? 66  
 His Grace will game; to White's a bull be led,  
 With spurning heels and with a butting head:  
 To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,  
 Fair courfers, vases, and alluring dames. 70  
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,  
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?  
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,  
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?  
 Oh! filthy check on all industrious skill, 75  
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!  
 Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,  
 What say you? B. Say? Why, take it, gold and all.  
 P. What Riches give us let us then inquire:  
 Meat, fire, and clothes? B. What more? P. Meat,  
 clothes, and fire. 80  
 Is this too little? would you more than live?  
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give;  
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)  
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!  
 What can they give? To dying Hopkins heirs? 85  
 To Chartres vigour? Japhet nose and ears?  
 Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?  
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?  
 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscurer ail,  
 With all th' embroid'ry plaster'd at thy tail? 90  
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)  
 Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;  
 Or find some doctor that would save the life  
 Of wretched Shylock spite of Shylock's wife.  
 But thousands die without or this or that, 95  
 Die, and endow a college or a cat.  
 To some indeed Heav'n grants the happier fate  
 T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps



Perhaps you think the poor might have their part :  
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.  
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,  
 That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool.

101

“ God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)  
 “ The wretch he starves”—and piously denies :  
 But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,  
 Admits and leaves them Providence's care.

105

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,  
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself.  
 Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides  
 The slave that digs it and the slave that hides.

110

B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own,  
 Must act on motives pow'rful tho' unknown.

P. Some war, some plague or famine, they foresee,  
 Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal the cause is found ;  
 He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

115

What made Directors cheat in South-sea year ?  
 To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?  
 Phryne foresees a general excise.

120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?  
 Alas ! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,  
 And therefore hopes this nation may be sold.

Glorious ambition ! Peter, swell thy store,  
 And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

125

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,  
 To just three millions stinted modest Gage.

But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,  
 Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.

130

Congenial souls ! whose life one av'rice joins,  
 And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much-injur'd Blunt ! why bears he Britain's hate ?  
 A wizard told him in these words our fate :

“ At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood,

135

“ (So long by watchful ministers withstood)

“ Shall deluge all : and av'rice creeping on,

“ Spread like a low-born mist and blot the sun ;



" Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,  
 " Peereſs and butler ſhare alike the box, 140  
 " And judges job, and biſhops bite the Town,  
 " And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown :  
 " See Britain funk in Lucre's ſordid charms, [arms !"  
 " And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's  
 'Twas no court badge, great Scriv'ner ! fir'd thy brain,  
 Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain: 146  
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee  
 Senates degen'rate, patriots diſagree,  
 And nobly wiſhing party-rage to ceaſe,  
 To buy both ſides, and give thy country peace. 150  
 " All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage :  
 But who, my Friend ! has reaſon in his rage ?  
 " The ruling paſſion, be it what it will,  
 " The ruling paſſion, conquers reaſon ſtill."  
 Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame, 155  
 Than ev'n that paſſion if it has no aim ;  
 For tho' ſuch motives Folly you may call,  
 The folly's greater to have none at all. [ſends,  
 Hear then the truth : " 'Tis Heav'n each paſſion  
 " And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.  
 " Extremes in Nature equal good produce ; 161  
 " Extremes in man concur to gen'ral uſe."  
 Ask we what makes one keep and one beſtow ?  
 That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,  
 Bids ſeedtime, harveſt, equal courſe maintain 165  
 Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain ;  
 Builds life on death, on change duration founds,  
 And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.  
 Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,  
 Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly. 170  
 Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,  
 Sees but a backward ſteward for the poor ;  
 This year a reſervoir to keep and ſpare,  
 The next a fountain ſpouting thro' his heir,  
 In lavish ſtreams to quench a country's thirſt, 175  
 And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.  
 Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,  
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :

What



What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)  
 His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot? 180  
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,  
 With soups unbought, and fallads, blest'd his board?  
 If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more  
 Than Bramins, saints, and sages, did before:  
 To cram the rich was prodigal expence; 185  
 And who would take the poor from Providence?  
 Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,  
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall;  
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,  
 No noontide bell invites the country round; 190  
 Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,  
 And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;  
 Benighted wanderers the forest o'er  
 Curle the sav'd candle and unop'ning door;  
 While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate, 195  
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,  
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right:  
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need,  
 But what to follow is a task indeed!) 200  
 Yet sure of qualities deserving praise,  
 More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.  
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,  
 Fill the capacious 'squire and deep divine!  
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws; 205  
 His oxen perish in his country's cause;  
 'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,  
 And zeal for that great house which eats him up.  
 The woods recede around the naked seat,  
 The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet: 210  
 Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;  
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.  
 To Town he comes, completes the nation's hope,  
 And heads the bold trainbands, and burns a pope:  
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215  
 Britain! that pays her patriots with her spoils?  
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;  
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.



The sense to value Riches, with the art  
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220  
 Not meanly nor ambitiously pursu'd,  
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude ;  
 To balance fortune by a just expence,  
 Join with economy magnificence ;  
 With splendour charity, with plenty health, 225  
 Oh ! teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !  
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move  
 Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty giv'n,  
 And ease or emulate the care of Heav'n ; 230  
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)  
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.  
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,  
 As poison heals in just proportion us'd :  
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies, 235  
 But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats ?  
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.  
 Is there a lord who knows a chearful noon,  
 Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon ? 240  
 Whose table wit or modest merit share,  
 Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r ?  
 Who copies your's or Oxford's better part,  
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ?  
 Where'er he shines, oh, Fortune ! gild the scene, 245  
 And angels guard him in the golden mean !  
 There English bounty yet awhile may stand,  
 And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross ?  
 Rise, honest Muse ! and sing The Man of Ross : 250  
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,  
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
 Who hung with woods yon' mountain's sultry brow ?  
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?  
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255  
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain  
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

Whose



Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?  
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260  
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?  
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.  
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!  
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:  
 He feeds yon' almshouse, neat, but void of state, 265  
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:  
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans, blest  
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.  
 Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,  
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.  
 Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271  
 Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more:  
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
 And vile attornies, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy Man! enabled to pursue 275  
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!  
 Oh! say what sums that gen'rous hand supply?  
 What mines to swell that boundless charity? 278

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children, clear,  
 This Man possess'd—five hundred pounds a-year.  
 Blush, Grandeur! blush; proud Courts! withdraw  
 your blaze;

Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone,  
 His race, his form, his name, almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,  
 Will never mark the marble with his name. 286

Go! search it there, where to be born and die  
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;  
 Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,  
 Prov'd by the ends of being to have been. 290

When Hopkins dies a thousand lights attend  
 The wretch who living sav'd a candle's end:  
 Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,  
 Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;  
 That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,  
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. 296

Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!  
 And see what comfort it affords our end.



In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,  
 The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung, 300  
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,  
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,  
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
 Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,  
 That life of pleasure and that soul of whim! 306  
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,  
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;  
 Or just as gay at council, in a ring  
 Of mimic'd statesmen and their merry king; 310  
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store!

No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more;  
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315  
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."  
 As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?  
 "That I can do when all I have is gone!"

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,  
 Want with a full or with an empty purse? 320

Thy life more wretched, Cutler! was confess'd;  
 Arise and tell me, was thy death more blest'd?

Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall;  
 For very want he could not build a wall.  
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r; 325  
 For very want he could not pay a dow'r.

A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd;  
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.

What! ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,  
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330

What but a want which you perhaps think mad,  
 Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!

Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,  
 "Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?  
 Or are they both in this their own reward? 336

A knotty point! to which we now proceed.

But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.

P. Where



P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies, 340

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,  
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;  
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;  
His word would pass for more than he was worth.  
One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345  
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:  
Constant at church and 'Change: his gains were sure;  
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,  
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old; 350  
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,  
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep  
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;  
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355  
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,  
He takes his chirping pint and cracks his jokes.  
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;  
And, lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,  
An honest factor stole a gem away:  
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,  
So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.  
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365  
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;  
"Where once I went to church I'll now go twice—  
"And am so clear too of all other vice!"

The Tempter saw his time, the work he ply'd;  
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370  
Till all the dæmon makes his full descent  
In one abundant show'r of *cent. per cent.*  
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,  
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold, Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, 375  
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;  
What late he call'd a blessing now was wit,  
And God's good providence a lucky hit.

Things



Things change their titles as our manners turn ;  
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn :  
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life) 381  
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide  
My good old lady catch'd a cold and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our Knight ; 385  
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite ;  
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)  
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :

First for his son a gay commission buys,  
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies : 390  
His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife ;  
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.

In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,  
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.  
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance 395

He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France :  
The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;  
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.  
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own ;  
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown : 400  
The devil and the king divide the prize ;  
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.





## EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

*Of the Use of Riches.*

### *The Argument.*

THE vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste, v. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense, v. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, v. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burthenfome and ridiculous, v. 65 to 92. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole, v. 97; and the second, either in joining together parts incone-  
rent, or too minutely resembling, or, in the repetition of the same, too frequently, v. 105, &c. A word or two of false Taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer; and, lastly, in entertainments, v. 133, &c. yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, v. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the First Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, v. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of great men, v. 177, &c. and, finally, the great and public works which become a prince, v. 191, to the end.

'TIS strange the miser should his cares employ  
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy :  
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste  
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?  
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ; 5  
Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats.  
He buys for Topham drawings and designs,  
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ;  
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,  
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane. 10  
Think we all these are for himself? no more  
Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?  
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.  
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ? 15  
Some dæmon whisper'd, " Visto ! have a taste."  
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,  
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.  
See ! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,  
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide : 20  
A standing sermon at each year's expence,  
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You



You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,  
 And pompous buildings once were things of use ;  
 Yet shall, my Lord, your just, your noble, rules 25  
 Fill half the land with imitating fools,  
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,  
 And of one beauty many blunders make ;  
 Load some vain church with old theatric state,  
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate ; 30  
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all  
 On some patch'd doghole ek'd with ends of wall ;  
 Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,  
 That lac'd with bits of rustic makes a front ;  
 Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar, 35  
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;  
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,  
 And if they starve they starve by rules of art.

Oft' have you hinted to your brother peer  
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear : 40  
 Something there is more needful than expence,  
 And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense ;  
 Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,  
 And tho' no science, fairly worth the sev'n ;  
 A light which in yourself you must perceive ; 45  
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,  
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,  
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,  
 In all let nature never be forgot ; 50  
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,  
 Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare ;  
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,  
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.  
 He gains all points who pleasingly confounds, 55  
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all,  
 That tells the waters or to rise or fall ;  
 Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,  
 Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ; 60  
 Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,  
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades ;

Now



Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,  
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul, 65  
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,  
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,  
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance:  
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow  
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow. 70

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,  
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:  
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,  
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:  
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain, 75  
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.  
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,  
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,  
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet, 80  
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,  
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;  
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,  
Blushing in bright diversities of day,  
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er— 85  
Enjoy them you! Villario can no more:  
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,  
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,  
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90  
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,  
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!  
His son's fine taste an op'ner visto loves,  
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;  
One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views, 95  
With all the mournful family of yews;  
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,  
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day;  
Where all cry out, "What fums are thrown away!"  
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air 101  
Soft and agreeable come never there.



Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught  
 As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.  
 To compass this his building is a town, 105  
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:  
 Who but must laugh the master when he sees,  
 A puny insect shiv'ring at a breeze!  
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!  
 The whole a labour'd quarry above ground. 110  
 Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behind  
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind.  
 His gardens next your admiration call;  
 On ev'ry side you look behold the wall!  
 No pleasing intricacies intervene, 115  
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;  
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
 And half the platform just reflects the other.  
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,  
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees; 120  
 With here a fountain never to be play'd,  
 And there a summerhouse that knows no shade;  
 Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs,  
 There gladiators fight or die in flow'rs;  
 Unwater'd see the drooping seahorse mourn, 125  
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,  
 Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:  
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—  
 First thro' the length of yon' hot terrace sweat; 130  
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your  
 Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes. [thighs,  
 His study! with what authors is it stor'd?  
 In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;  
 To all their dated backs he turns you round; 135  
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound!  
 Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,  
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood!  
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;  
 These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,  
 That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:

Light



Light quirks of music, broken and unev'n,  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.

On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,  
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,  
And bring all Paradise before your eye.

To rest the cushion and soft Dean invite,  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But, hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;  
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:  
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,  
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.

Is this a dinner? this a genial room?  
No, it's a temple and a hecatomb;

A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state;  
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.  
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear  
Sancho's dread Doctor and his wand were there.  
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,  
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the King.

In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,  
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,  
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,  
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;  
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,  
And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;  
Health to himself and to his infants bread  
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies  
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear  
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre;  
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,  
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace or who improve the soil?  
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?  
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,  
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,  
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase;



Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,  
 Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;  
 Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed 185  
 The milky heifer and deserving steed;  
 Whose rising forests not for pride or show,  
 But future buildings, future navies, grow;  
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,  
 First shade a country, and then raise a town. 190

You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,  
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;  
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,  
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:  
 Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind, 195  
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)  
 Bid harbours open, public ways extend,  
 Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;  
 Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,  
 The mole projected break the roaring main; 200  
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,  
 And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:  
 These honours Peace to happy Britain brings;  
 These are imperial works, and worthy kings. 204

## EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.

[Occasioned by his *Dialogues on Medals*.]

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!  
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,  
 With nodding arches, broken temples, spread!  
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!  
 Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, 5  
 Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:  
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,  
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;  
 Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,  
 Statues of men scarce less alive than they! 10  
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,  
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage:

Barbarian



Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,  
And Papal piety and Gothic fire.

Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15  
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;  
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,  
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd; she found it vain to trust  
The faithless column and the crumbling bust; 20  
Huge moles, whose shadows stretch'd from shore to  
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more: [shore,  
Convinc'd she now contracts her vast design,  
And all her triumphs shrink into a Coin.

A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps, 25  
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.

Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,  
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;  
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,  
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:  
In one short view subjected to our eye,  
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.  
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35  
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.

This the blue varnish, that the green endears,  
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!  
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,  
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40

Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,  
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;  
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,  
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine: 45  
Touch'd by thy hand again Rome's glories shine;  
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,  
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.

Nor blush these studies thy regard engage;  
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage; 50  
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,  
And art reflected images to art.



Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,  
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?  
 In living Medals see her wars enroll'd, 55  
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?  
 Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face,  
 There warriors frowning in historic brass;  
 Then future ages with delight shall see  
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's, looks agree; 60  
 Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,  
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison:  
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)  
 On the cast ore another Pollio shine;  
 With aspect open shall erect his head, 65  
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,  
 "Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
 "In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
 "Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
 "Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend; 70  
 "Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
 "And prais'd unenvy'd by the Muse he lov'd."





# STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

## BOOK I.

[*Translated in the Year 1703.*]

### The Argument.

OEDIPUS, king of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned his realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus, king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices, in the mean time, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos, where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity: he relates to his guests the loves of Phæbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcæbus: he inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: the sacrifice is renewed, and the Book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms;  
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms  
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires  
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.  
O Goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes 5  
From the dire nation in its early times,  
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,  
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?  
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,  
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil? 10  
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,  
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?

---

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis  
Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,  
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis 5  
Ire, deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ?  
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum  
Legis Agenoræ? scrutantemque æquora Cadmum?  
Longo retro series, trepidum si martis operti  
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia fulcis 10  
Expeditam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris  
Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:



Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,  
 Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?  
 The fire against the son his arrows drew; 15  
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,  
 And while her arms a second hope contain,  
 Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.  
 But wave what'er to Cadmus may belong,  
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song 20  
 At Oedipus—from his disasters trace  
 The long confusions of his guilty race:  
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,  
 And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring Eagles sing; 24  
 How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,  
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;  
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,  
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;  
 Or, long before, with early valour strove  
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove. 30  
 And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,  
 Increase of glory to the Latian name!  
 Oh! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,  
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.

Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho  
 Quod sævæ Junonis opus; cui sumpsit arcum  
 Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens 15  
 Ionium, socio casura Palæmone mater.  
 Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi  
 Præteriisse finam: limes mihi carminis esto 20  
 Oedipodæ confusa domus: quando Itala nondum  
 Signa, nec arctoos ausim sperare triumphos,  
 Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum, 25  
 Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:  
 Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis 30  
 Bella Jovis. Tuque, O Latiae, decus addite famæ,  
 Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis  
 Æternum sibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes  
 Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida coeli



What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space, 35  
 And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;  
 Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,  
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;  
 Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,  
 And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40  
 Tho' Jove himself no less content would be  
 To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;  
 Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;  
 Resign to Jove his empire of the skies, 45  
 And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come when a diviner flame  
 Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame!  
 Mean-while permit that my preluding Muse  
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse: 50  
 Of furious hate surviving death she sings,  
 A fatal throne to two contending kings,  
 And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,  
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:  
 Of towns dispeopled, and wand'ring ghosts 55  
 Of kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;  
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,  
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,

---

Pleiadam, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers 35  
 Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum  
 Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum 40  
 Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua.  
 30. Parte poli; maneat hominum contentus habenis,  
 Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones. 45  
 Tempus erit, cum pierio tua fortior œstro  
 Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn. satis arma referre  
 Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis, 50  
 Nec furiis post fata modum, flammæque rebelles  
 Seditioe rogi, tumultisque carentia regum  
 Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes; 55  
 Cæcula cum rubuit Lernæo sanguine Dirce,  
 Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,



With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep  
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60

What hero, Clio ! wilt thou first relate ?  
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate ?  
Or how, with hills of slain on ev'ry side,  
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide ?  
Or how the youth, with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65  
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd ?  
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,  
And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,  
Led a long death in everlasting night ; 70  
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray  
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,  
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin  
In frightful views, and makes it day within ;  
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75  
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul :  
The wretch then lifted to th' un pitying skies  
'Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,  
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,  
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke. 80

40. Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo. 60

Quem prius heroum Clio dabis ? immodicum iræ  
Tydea ? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus ?  
Urget et hostilem propellens cædibus amnem  
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi  
Arcados, atqui alio Capaneus horrore canendus. 66

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra  
Merferat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem  
Oedipodes, longaue animam sub morte tenebat. 70

50. Illum indulgentem tenebris, inæque recessu  
Sedis, inaspectos cœlo, radiisque penates  
Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis  
Sæva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore diræ. 75  
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitæ  
Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis



"Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,  
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;  
 Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd,  
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I tho' blind behold;  
 Tisiphone! that oft' hast heard my pray'r, 85  
 Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care.  
 If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,  
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come;  
 If, leaving Polybus, I took my way  
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90  
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,  
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;  
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,  
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign;  
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, 95  
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,  
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,  
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;  
 When, self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,  
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;  
 Oh, hear! and aid the vengeance I require, 101  
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.

---

Pulsat inane solum, sævaque ita voce precatur: 80  
 Dî fontes animas, angustaque Tartara pœnis  
 Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,  
 Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari  
 Annue Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda, 85  
 Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem  
 Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas  
 Firmâsti; si stagna petî Cyrrhæa bicorni 90  
 Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso  
 Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce  
 Longævum implicui regem, secuique trementis  
 Ora senis, dum quæro patrem: si Sphingos iniquæ  
 Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvi;  
 Si dulces Furias, et lamentabile matris 95  
 Connubium gavissus inî; noctemque nefandam  
 Sæpe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi;  
 Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cedentibus ultro  
 Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui: 100



My sons their old unhappy fire despise,  
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes ;  
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105  
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn ;  
 These sons, ye Gods ! who, with flagitious pride,  
 Insult my darkness and my groans deride.  
 Art thou a father, unregarding Jove !  
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above ? 110  
 Thou Fury ! then some lasting curse entail,  
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail ;  
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,  
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore ;  
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear, 115 }  
 Break all the bonds of Nature, and prepare  
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war. }  
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,  
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany !  
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,  
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands : 121  
 Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief frame,  
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came."

Exaudi, si digna precor, quæque ipsa furenti  
 Subjiceret : orbem visu regnisque parentem  
 Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti  
 Quos genui, quocunque toro : quin ecce superbi 105  
 (Proh dolor !) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,  
 Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.  
 Hisne etiam funestus ego ? et videt ista deorum  
 80. Ignavus genitor ? tu saltem debita vindex 110  
 Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordine nepotes.  
 Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis  
 Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis  
 I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro 115  
 Diffiliant : da Tartarei regina barathri  
 Quod cupiam vidisse nefas, nec tarda sequetur 120  
 Mens juvenum ; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.  
 Talia jactanti crudelis diva severos  
 Advertit vultus ; inamœnum forte sedebat



The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink  
 Her snakes unty'd sulphureous waters drink ; 125  
 But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,  
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground :  
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,  
 The gliding lightning or descending star.  
 Thro' crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight, 130  
 And dark dominions of the silent night ;  
 Swift as she pass'd the sitting ghosts withdrew,  
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view ;  
 To th' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,  
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135  
 The day beheld, and, sick'ning at the sight,  
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.  
 Affrighted Atlas on the distant shore,  
 Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.  
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height, 140  
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight ;  
 With eager speed the well-known journey took,  
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forlook.  
 A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,  
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head ; 145  
 In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow ;  
 Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,

90. Cocyton juxta, resolutaque vertice crines, 125  
 Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.  
 Illicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris  
 Tristibus exiliit ripis, discedit inane 130  
 Vulgus, et occursum dominæ pavet ; illa per umbras  
 Et caligantes, animarum exanime campos,  
 Tænariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.  
 Sensit adesse dies ; piceo nox obviam nimbo 135  
 Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas  
 Horruit, et dubia cœlum cervice remisit.  
 100+ Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle resurgens 140  
 Notum iter ad Thebas : neque enim velocior ullas  
 Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.  
 Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerastæ, 145  
 Turba minor diri capitis : sedet intus abactis  
 Ferrea lux oculis ; qualis per nubila Phœbes



When lab'ring with strong charms she shoots from high  
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky. 149  
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came  
 Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.  
 From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,  
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and death.  
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,  
 A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone. 155  
 She tofs'd her meagre arms ; her better hand  
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand :  
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear  
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.  
 But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160  
 Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,  
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round,  
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,  
 And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound. }  
 Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice, 165  
 Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise ;  
 Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,  
 And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.

Atracea rubet arte labor : suffusa veneno 150  
 Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis : igneus atro  
 Ore vapor, quo longa fitis, morbique, famesque,  
 Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo  
 110 Palla et cærulei redeunt in pectore nodi.  
 Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus. 155  
 Tum geminas quatit illa manus : hæc igne rogali  
 Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.  
 Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron 160  
 Occurrit cœlo, fera sibila crine virenti  
 Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achæi  
 Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.  
 Audiit et medius cœli Parnassus et asper 165  
 Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten  
 120 In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos :  
 Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo Delphine vagantem  
 Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona preffit.



Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,  
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170  
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds  
 Its bright pavilions in a vil of clouds.

Straight with the rage of all their race possest,  
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,  
 And all their furies wake within their breast: 175 }

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,  
 And Hate engender'd by suspicious fears;  
 And sacred thirst of sway, and all the ties  
 Of Nature broke, and royal perjuries;  
 And impotent desire to reign alone, 180  
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne.  
 Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,  
 While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers, by brawny ploughmen broke,  
 And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185  
 Alike disdain with servile necks to bear  
 Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,  
 But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,  
 And all the furrows in confusion lay;  
 Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190  
 Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

Atque ea Cadmæo præceps ubi limine primum 170

Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,  
 Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,  
 Gentilesque animos subiit furor, ægraque lætis, 175

Invidia, atque parens odii metus; inde regendi  
 Sævus amor: ruptæque vices, jurisque secundi  
 Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum

30 Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regnis. 180

Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos  
 Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro: 185

Illi indignantes quîs nondum vomere multo  
 Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,  
 In diversa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant  
 Viribus, et vario confundunt limite fulcos:

Haud secus indomitos præceps discordia fratres, 190  
 Alperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni



In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way  
 To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :  
 Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,  
 That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195  
 And the short monarch of a hasty year  
 Foresees with anguish his returning heir.  
 Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,  
 But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,  
 No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd ; 201  
 No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,  
 No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;  
 No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait  
 Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate ; 205  
 No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,  
 Nor silver vases took the forming mould ;  
 Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,  
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—  
 Say, wretched rivals ! what provokes your rage ? 210  
 Say to what end your impious arms engage ?  
 Not all bright Phœbus' views in early morn,  
 Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,

Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno

140 • Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrā tenentem 195  
 Fœdere præcipiti semper novus angeret hæres.  
 Hæc inter fratres pietas erat ; hæc mora pugnæ  
 Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo, 200  
 Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant  
 Atria, congestos fatis explicitura clientes.  
 Non impacatis regum advigilantia somnis 205  
 Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes

Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,  
 150 • Atque aurum violare cibis. sed nuda potestas  
 Armavit fratres : pugna est de paupere regno.  
 Dumque uter angustæ squalentia jugera Dirces  
 Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovaret  
 Exulis, ambigitur ; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,  
 Et vitæ, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras, 210  
 Ah miseri ? quid si peteretur crimine tanto



When the south glows with his meridian ray,  
 And the cold north receives a fainter day ; 215  
 For crimes like these not all those realms suffice,  
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize !

But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)  
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown. 219

What joys, oh, Tyrant ! swell'd thy soul that day,  
 When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,  
 Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,  
 And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne !

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,  
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent ; 225  
 Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,  
 And sure the monarch whom they have to hate ;  
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,  
 And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear :  
 And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230  
 Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,  
 (Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite,  
 With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)  
 Exclaim'd---“ O Thebes ! for thee what fates remain,  
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign ! 235

Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo  
 Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera ?  
 Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit  
 Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215  
 Igne Noti ? quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum  
 Convectentur opes ? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ  
 Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est  
 Oedipodæ sedisse loco. Jam forte carebat  
 Dilatus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, sæve, 220  
 Quis fuit ille dies ? vacua cum solus in aula  
 Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,  
 Et nusquam par stare caput ? Jam murmura serpunt  
 Plebis Echionæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus 225  
 Diffidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.  
 Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læsisse veneno 230  
 Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti  
 Ferre duces : Hancne Ogygis, ait, aspera rebus 235



Must we, alas ! our doubtful necks prepare  
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,  
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear ?  
 These now control a wretched people's fate,  
 These can divide and these reverse the state : 240  
 Ev'n Fortune rules no more---O servile land,  
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command !  
 Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove !  
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above ?  
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate 245  
 From the first birth of our unhappy state,  
 When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,  
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,  
 And fated in Boetian fields to found  
 A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250  
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain  
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain ?  
 What lofty looks th' unrivall'd monarch bears !  
 How all the tyrant in his face appears !  
 What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow ! 255  
 Gods ! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow !  
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,  
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again ?

Fata tulere vicem ? toties mutare timendos,  
 Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla !  
 Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque 240  
 Fortunam fecere levem, semperne vicissim  
 Exulibus servire dabor ? tibi, summe deorum,  
 Terrarumque fator, fociis hanc addere mentem 245  
 Sedit ? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,  
 Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci  
 Pondera, Carpathio jussus fale quærere Cadmus  
 Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros ; 250  
 Fraternalque acies foetæ telluris hiatu,  
 Augurium, seros dimisit adusque nepotes ?  
 Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur  
 Sævior assurgens dempto consorte potestas ? 255  
 Quas gerit ore minas ? quanto premit omnia fastu ?



Yet who before more popularly bow'd?  
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd? 260  
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne,  
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.

O wretched we! a vile submissive train,  
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!  
 As when two winds with rival force contend, 265  
 This way and that the wav'ring sails they bend,  
 While freezing Boreas and black Eurys blow,  
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw;  
 Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state  
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate, 270  
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,  
 While that prince threatens, and while this commands."

And now th' almighty Father of the gods  
 Convenes a council in the blest'd abodes.  
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275  
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,  
 Whence, far below, the gods at once survey  
 The realms of rising and declining day,  
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea. }  
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne, 280  
 The Majesty of heav'n superior shone:  
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,  
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.

90. Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti  
 Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior æqui, 260  
 Quid mirum? non solus erat. nos vilis in omnes  
 Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.  
 Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurys 265  
 Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.

Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis  
 Aspera fors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur. 270

At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria cœli  
 Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo  
 Interiore polo. spatiis hinc omnia juxta 275

Primæque occiduæque domus, effusa sub omni  
 Terra atque unda die. mediis sese arduus infert 280  
 Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,



At Jove's assent the deities around  
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285  
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs  
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;  
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,  
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:  
 Here all their rage and ev'n their murmurs cease,  
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace. 291  
 A shining synod of majestic gods  
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;  
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,  
 And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295  
 The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,  
 The still creation listened while he spoke;  
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,  
 And each irrevocable word is fate.

“ How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy, 300  
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky?  
 Oh! race confed'rate into crimes, that prove  
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!  
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,  
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain: 305  
 Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires,  
 Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.

---

Stellantique locat folio. nec protinus ausi 285  
 Coelicolæ, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi  
 Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum  
 Semideûm, et summis cognati nubibus amnes,  
 Et compressa metu servantes murmura venti, 290  
 Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum  
 Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno  
 Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes. 295  
 Postquam jussa quies, siluitque exterritus orbis,  
 Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis  
 Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur.)  
 Terrarum delicta, nec exsuperabile diris 300  
 Ingenium mortale queror. quonam usque nocentum  
 Exigar in poenas? tædet sævire corusco 305  
 Fulmine: jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt  
 Brachia, et Eoliis defunt incudibus ignes.



For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,  
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day,  
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310  
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd:  
 For this my brother of the wat'ry reign  
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices, of the main; }  
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.  
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend; 315  
 To punish these see Jove himself descend.  
 The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,  
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.  
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,  
 And the long series of succeeding woe? 320  
 How oft' the Furies from the deeps of night  
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight;  
 Th' exulting mother stain'd with filial blood,  
 The savage hunter and the haunted wood?  
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325  
 And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?  
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane  
 The sun would sink into the western main, }  
 And, rising, gild the radiant east again.

220 Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore salutos  
 Solis equos, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,  
 Et Phaëtontæa mundum squallere favilla. 310  
 Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late  
 Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dediisti.  
 Nunc geminas punire domos, quîs sanguinis autor  
 Ipse ego descendo. Perseos alter in Argos  
 Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.  
 Mens cunctis impôsta manet. Quis funera Cadmi  
 Nesciat? et toties excitam a sedibus imis 321  
 Eumenidum bellasse aciem? mala gaudia matrum,  
 230 Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum  
 Crimina? vix lucis spatium, vix noctis abactæ 325  
 Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.  
 Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius hæres  
 Patris, et immeritæ gremium incestare parentis  
 Apetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.



Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330  
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,  
 Thro' violated nature force his way,  
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?  
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,  
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335  
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,  
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.  
 Thy curse, oh, Oedipus! just Heav'n alarms,  
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.  
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340  
 And give the nations to the waste of war.  
 Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join  
 In dire alliance with the Theban line;  
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;  
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed: 345  
 Fix'd is their doom. This all-remembering breast  
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast."

He said; and thus the queen of Heav'n return'd;  
 (With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd:)  
 "Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350  
 Must I, oh Jove! in bloody wars contend?"

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Ille tamen superis æterna piacula solvit, 330  
 Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius æthere nostro  
 Vescitur: at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes 335  
 Calcavere oculos. jam jam rara vota tulisti,  
 Dire senex; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ  
 Ultorem sperare Jovem. nova fontibus arma  
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam 340  
 Exitiale genus. belli mihi semina funto  
 Adrastus focer, et superis adjuncta sinistris  
 Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis incessere gentem  
 Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax 345  
 Tantalus, et sævæ periit injuria mensæ.

Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi faucia dictis,  
 Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,  
 Talia Juno refert; Mene, O justissime divûm,  
 Me bello certare jubes? scis semper ut arces 350  
 Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama



Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,  
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame :  
 Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,  
 And there deluded Argus slept and bled ; 355  
 Tho' there the braz'n tow'r was storm'd of old,  
 When Jove descended in almighty gold ;  
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,  
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes ;  
 But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms, 360  
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,  
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,  
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed ;  
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves may prove—  
 Ah ! why should Argos feel the rage of Jove ? 365  
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,  
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,  
 Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,  
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall ;  
 Nor more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370  
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,  
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke ;  
 But to your Isis all my rights transfer,  
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her ;  
 For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd, 375  
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.

---

Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem ; licet improbus illic  
 Custodem Phariæ, somno letoque juvencæ 355  
 Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.  
 Mentitis ignosco toris : illam odimus urbem,  
 Quam vultu confessus adis : ubi conscia magni 360  
 Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.  
 Facta luant Thebæ : cur hostis eligis Argos ? 365  
 260 Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,  
 Et Samon, et veteres armis exscinde Mycenæ.  
 Verte solo Sparten. cur usquam sanguine festo  
 Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Eoi 370  
 Læta calet ? melius votis Mareotica fumat  
 Coptos, ei ærisoni lugentia flumina Nili. 375  
 Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,



But if thou must reform the stubborn times,  
 Avenging on the sons the fathers' crimes,  
 And from the long records of distant age  
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage ; 380  
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd  
 To date his vengeance ? to what bounds confin'd ?  
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides  
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides }  
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385 }  
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,  
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;  
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood  
 Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood ;  
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,  
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground. 391  
 Say, can those honours please ? and canst thou love  
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove ?  
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share  
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care ? 395  
 Reverse, O Jove ! thy too severe decree,  
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee ;  
 On impious realms and barb'rous kings impose  
 Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those."

---

Subvenitque tuis fera hæc sententia curis ; 380  
 Percensere ævi senium, quo tempore tandem  
 Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro  
 240 Emendare sat est ? jamdudum ab sedibus illis  
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda 385  
 Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.  
 Arcadis hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis  
 Imposuere locis : illic Mavortius axis  
 Oenomai, Getiquoque pecus stabulare sub Æmo  
 Dignius : abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum 390  
 Relinquis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi  
 Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes  
 Creta tuos. me Tantaleis consistere tectis, 395  
 280 Quæ tandem invidia est ? belli defleste tumultus,  
 Et generis miseresce tui. sunt impia late  
 Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.



Thus in reproach and pray'r the queen exprest  
 The rage and grief contending in her breast. 401  
 Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,  
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply:  
 "'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear }  
 The dire tho' just revenge which I prepare 405 }  
 Against a nation thy peculiar care:  
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,  
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;  
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil  
 Their work, and rev'rence our superior will: 410  
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,  
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)  
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;  
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.  
 Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air, 415  
 Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;  
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,  
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,  
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand  
 Expects its passage to the farther strand: 420  
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear  
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;

---

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno: 400  
 At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus  
 Reddidit hæc; Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda  
 Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet æquus) in Argos  
 Consularem, neque me (detur si copia) tallit  
 Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem  
 Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat. 410  
 Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris  
 Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,  
 Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales 415  
 Portantes præcede Notos Cyllenia proles:  
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis  
 Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras  
 Laius, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum  
 Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi 420  
 Lege E. ebi: ferat hæc diro mea jussa nepoti:



That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride  
Of foreign forces and his Argive bride,  
Almighty Jove commands him to detain  
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign.  
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate;  
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into fate.

425

The god obeys, and to his feet applies  
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies :  
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,  
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.  
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;  
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,  
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.  
Thus thro' the parting clouds the son of May  
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;  
Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,  
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;  
Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,  
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

430

435

439

Mean-time the banish'd Polynices roves  
(His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,  
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,  
His daily vision, and his dream by night;

446

Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem  
Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula  
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:  
Hinc causæ irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.

425

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde  
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,  
Obrubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.  
Tum dextræ virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces  
Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire  
Tartara, et exanguis animare assueverat umbras.  
Desluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.  
Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inani volatus  
Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.

430

435

440

Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris  
Oedipodionides furto deserta pererrat  
Aoniæ. jam jamque animis male debita regna

445



Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,  
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,  
 With transport views the airy rule his own,  
 And swells on an imaginary throne;

450

Fain would he cast a tedious age away,  
 And live out all in one triumphant day:  
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,  
 And bids the year with swifter motion run:  
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,  
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

455

The hero then resolves his course to bend  
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,  
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,  
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,  
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)

}

460

And now by Chance, by Fate, or Furies, led,  
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,  
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,  
 And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground,  
 Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,  
 And thence declining gently to the main.  
 Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,  
 Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs;

465

Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum  
 Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recursans  
 Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno  
 Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum,  
 Cerneret: hac ævum cupiat pro luce pacisci

450

Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ dispendia: sed mox  
 Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum  
 Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem  
 Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.

455

Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaëque arva,  
 Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenæ,

460

Ferre iter impavidum. seu prævia ducit Erinnyes,  
 Seu fors illa viæ sive hac immota vocabat

Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra  
 Deserit, et pingues Baccheo sanguine colles.

465

Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron



The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470  
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores ;  
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,  
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to Night,  
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light ; 475  
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew  
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew :  
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd : Sleep steals away  
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,  
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480  
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.  
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,  
 Promise the skies the bright return of day ;  
 No faint reflections of the distant light  
 Streak with long gleams th' scatt'ring shades of night :  
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise, 486  
 Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.  
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound  
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,

Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad æquora montem,  
 Præterit. hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens, 470  
 Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæque rura  
 Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon  
 Linqvit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phœbi 475  
 Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti  
 Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.  
 Jam pecudes volucresque tacent ; jam Somnus avaris  
 Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat, 480  
 Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.  
 Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cœlo  
 Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris  
 Longa percussio nituere crepuscula Phœbo.  
 Denfior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ 486  
 Subtextit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis  
 Æoliæ percussa sonant, venturaque rauco  
 Ore minatur hiems ; venti transversa frementes



With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490  
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:  
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds  
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,  
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,  
 Which the cold North congeals to haily show'rs:  
 From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud, 496  
 And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.  
 Now smokes with show'rs the misty mountain ground,  
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round:  
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500  
 And Erasinus rolls a deluge on;  
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,  
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:  
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,  
 Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the dams away:  
 Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn, 506  
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:  
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,  
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.  
 The intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510  
 Sees yawing rocks in massy fragments fly,

---

Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490  
 Dum cœlum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster  
 Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,  
 Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu  
 Perfolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiscunt 495  
 Fulgura, et atritus subita face rumpitur æther.  
 Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis  
 Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto 500  
 Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.  
 Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ.  
 Aggeribus tenuere moræ, stagnoque refusa est  
 Funditus. et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.  
 Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ  
 Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per ævum 506  
 Solibus umbrosi patuere æstiva Lycæi.  
 Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis 510  
 Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes  
 Aure pavens, passimque insano turbine raptas 514



And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,  
 The floods descending, and the wat'ry war  
 That, driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,  
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses, to the main.  
 Tho' the brown horrors of the night he fled, 516  
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;  
 His brother's image to his mind appears,  
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with  
 So fares the sailor on the stormy main, [fears.  
 When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain, 521  
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,  
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;  
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,  
 While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.  
 Thus strove the chief on ev'ry side distress'd, 526  
 Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;  
 With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way  
 Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey;  
 Till he beheld where from Larissa's height 530  
 The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:  
 Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;  
 On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies;  
 On that Profymma's grove and temple rise.

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Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens,  
 Incertusque viæ, per nigra silentia, vastum  
 Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.  
 370 -Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto, 520  
 Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat  
 Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu  
 Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut saxa malignis  
 Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto  
 Spumantes scopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:  
 Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros  
 Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum  
 Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit  
 Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis mœsta timoris.  
 380 Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis 530  
 Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens  
 Larissæus apex. illò spe concitus omni  
 Evolat. hinc celsæ Junonia templa Profymnæ



He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay, 535  
 And to the regal palace bent his way;  
 On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,  
 And waits till pleasing slumber seals his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,  
 Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days: 540  
 By both his parents of descent divine,  
 Great Jove and Phoebus grac'd his noble line:  
 Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,  
 But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.  
 To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate! 545  
 But who can pierce into the depths of Fate?)  
 Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,  
 "A yellow lion and a bristly boar."  
 This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,  
 Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest; 550  
 This, great Amphiaraus! lay hid from thee,  
 Tho' skill'd in fate and dark futurity.  
 The father's care and prophet's art were vain,  
 For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lævus habet, hinc herculeo signata vapore 535  
 Lernæi stagna atra vadi. tandemque reclusis  
 Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit  
 Vestibula. hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes  
 Projicit, ignotæque acclinis postibus aulæ  
 Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia somnos.

390 Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ  
 In senium vergens populos Adrastus habebat 540  
 Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.  
 Hic sexûs melioris inops, sed prole virebat  
 Fœminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.  
 Cui Phoebus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu! 545  
 Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat  
 Setigerumque suem, et fulvum adventare leonem.  
 Hæc volvens, non, ipse pater, non docte futuri 550  
 Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.  
 Tantum in corde sedens ægrescit cura parentis.



Lo, hapless Tydeus! whose ill-fated hand 555  
 Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,  
 And, seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,  
 Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:  
 Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,  
 He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n, 560  
 Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,  
 And to fair Argos' open courts succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort  
 T' Adrastus' realms and hospitable court,  
 The king surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565  
 And views their arms and habits with surprise.  
 A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,  
 Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;  
 Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,  
 Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570  
 A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,  
 Oenides' manly shoulders overspread;  
 Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,  
 Alive the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,  
 The king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys, 576

Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydonia relinquens  
 Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum 556  
 Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora  
 Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequestus et imbres,  
 Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis  
 Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus 560  
 Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat.—  
 Hic primum lustrare oculis, cultusque virorum  
 Telaque magna vacat; tergo videt hujus inanem  
 Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,  
 Illius in speciem, quem per Theumesia Tempe  
 Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570  
 Ante Cleonæi vestitur prælia monstri.  
 Terribiles contra setis, ac dente recurvo  
 Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant  
 Exuviae, Calydonis honos. stupet omine tanto 575  
 Defixus senior, divina oraculo Phœbi



Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns  
 The guiding godhead and his future sons:  
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,  
 And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein: 580  
 To heav'n he lifts his hand, erects his sight,  
 And thus invokes the silent queen of Night.

“Goddeſs of ſhades! beneath whoſe gloomy reign  
 Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train;  
 You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585 }  
 Till nature, quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray,  
 Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day:  
 Oh! thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,  
 Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!  
 Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid; 590  
 Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.  
 We to thy name our annual rites will pay,  
 And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;  
 The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,  
 And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke. 595  
 Hail! faithful Tripos! hail! ye dark abodes  
 Of awful Phœbus; I confeſs the gods!”

Agnoscens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.  
 Obtutu gelida ora premit, letusque per artus  
 420 Horror iit. ſenſit manifeſto numine doctos 585  
 Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo  
 Portendi generos, vultu ſallente ferarum,  
 Ediderat. tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmas:  
 Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores 585  
 Ignea multivago transmittis ſidera lapſu,  
 Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris  
 Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,  
 Tu mihi perplexis quæſitam erroribus ultro  
 Advehis alma fidem, veteriſque exordia fati 590  
 430 Detegis. aſſiſtas operi, tuaque omina firmes!  
 Semper honoratam dimenſis orbibus anni  
 Te domus iſta colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt.  
 Electa ſervice greges, luſtraliaque exta  
 Lacte nova perfulus edet vulcanius ignis. 595  
 Salve, priſca fides tripodum, obſcurique reſceſſus;



Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;  
 Then to his inner court the guests convey'd,  
 Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600 }  
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies,  
 The relics of a former sacrifice.  
 The king once more the solemn rites requires,  
 And bids renew the feasts and wake the fires.  
 His train obey, while all the courts around 605  
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.  
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;  
 This slave the floor and that the table spreads;  
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,  
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light; 610  
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,  
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.  
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,  
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;  
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest; 615  
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

Deprendi, fortuna, deos. sic fatus; et ambos  
 Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ  
 Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes, 600  
 Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri  
 440 Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes  
 Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri 605  
 Certatim accelerant. vario strepit icta tumultu  
 Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes  
 Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas:  
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere menfas:  
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem 610  
 Agressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.  
 His labor inserto terrore exanguia ferro  
 Viscera cæsarum pecudum: his, cumulare canistris  
 450 Perdomitam saxo Cererem. lætatur Adrastus  
 Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis  
 Fulgebat stratis, solioque effultus eburno.  
 Parte alia juvenes ficcati vulnera lymphis 615  
 Discumbunt: simul ora notis fœdata tuentur,



And now the king, his royal feast to grace,  
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,  
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,  
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;  
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear, 621  
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.  
 When from the close apartments of the night  
 The royal nymphs approach divinely bright,  
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's, face; 625  
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace!  
 But that in these a milder charm endears,  
 And less of terror in their looks appears.  
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,  
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise; 630  
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess,  
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign  
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,  
 Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old, 635  
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.

Inque vicem ignoscunt. tunc rex longævus Acesten  
 (Natarum hæc altrix, eadem et fidissima custos 620  
 Lecta sacrum justæ Veneri occultare pudorem)  
 Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.  
 Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo  
 460 Arcano egressæ thalamo (mirabile visu)  
 Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ 625  
 Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori  
 Visa virûm facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque  
 Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes 630  
 Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensæ  
 Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem  
 Iæsides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,  
 Qua Danaüs libare deis seniorque Phoroneus 635  
 Assueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuras:  
 470 Aureus anguicomam præfecto Gorgona collo  
 Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras



Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,  
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,  
 And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies:  
 There from the chase Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,  
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars: 641  
 Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,  
 His native mountains lessen to his sight;  
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,  
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze; 645  
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,  
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd.  
 The first libation sprinkled on the ground,  
 By turns on each celestial pow'r they call; 650  
 With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.  
 The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,  
 Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands drest,  
 While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,  
 Salute the god in num'rous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the king: "Perhaps, my noble guests!  
 These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts,  
 To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,  
 Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.  
 Great was the cause: our old solemnities 660  
 From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;

Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora  
 Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallefcit in auro.  
 Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis: 640  
 Gargara defidunt surgenti, et Troja recedit.  
 Stant mœsti comites, frustra que sonantia laxant 644  
 Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.

Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos  
 Coelicolas: Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad aras  
 Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica  
 Fronde, manus; cui festa dies, largoque reſecti  
 Thure vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes. 655  
 Forſitan, O juvenes, quæ ſint ea ſacra, quibusque  
 Præcipuum cauſis Phœbi obteſtemur honorem,  
 Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit  
 Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim 660



But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay  
These grateful honours to the god of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain  
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain, 665  
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,  
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue,  
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,  
And enters old Crotopos' humble courts.

This rural prince one only daughter blest'd, 670  
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd ;  
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,  
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd :  
Happy ! and happy still she might have prov'd,  
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd ! 675

But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side  
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd.  
Now ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,  
Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born ;  
The nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680  
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade ;

Plebs Argiva litant : animos advertite, pandam :

Postquam cœrulei sinuosa volumina monstri,

Terrigenam Pythona, deus septem orbibus atris

Amplexum Delphos, squamisque annosa terentem

Robora ; Castaliis dum fontibus ore trifulco 665

Fusus hiat, nigro sitiens alimenta veneno,

Perculit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera telis,

Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi

Vix tandem explicitum ; nova deinde piacula cædi

Perquirens, nostri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi

Attigit. huic primis et pubem ineuntibus annis, 670

Mira decore pio, servabat nata penates

Intemerata torris. felix, si Delia nunquam

Furta, nec occultum Phœbo sociaffet amorem. 675

Namque ut passa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,

Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumerset orbes

Cynthia, sidereum Latonæ foeta nepotem 679

Edidit : ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis

Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura



To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,  
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?

Ah! how unworthy those of race divine!

685

On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,  
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,  
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,  
While the rude swain his rural music tries,  
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.

690

Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live  
Was more, alas! than cruel Fate would give;  
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,

And breath'd the freshness of the early day,

Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,

695

Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.

Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,

Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;

With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,

And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;

Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies,

701

Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,

The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.

Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim

Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti

685

Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno

510- Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri

689

Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,

Et pecori commune solum. sed fata nec illum

Concessere larem: viridi nam cespite terræ

Projectum temere, et patulo cœlum ore trahentem,

Dira canum rabies morfu depasta cruento

695

Disjicit. hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures

Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,

Et metus. ipsa ultro sævis plangoribus amens

520- Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus

700

Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro

Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.



He sends a monster, horrible and fell,  
 Begot by Furies in the depths of hell.  
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;  
 High on her crown a rising snake appears,  
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs.  
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round,  
 When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,  
 Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,  
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

705

}

710

But gen'rous rage the bold Chorcæbus warms,  
 Chorcæbus! fam'd for virtue as for arms;  
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,  
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.  
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,  
 The direful monster from afar descry'd,  
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side;  
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,  
 And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.  
 The youths surround her with extended spears,  
 But brave Chorcæbus in the front appears;

715

}

720

Sero memor thalami, mœstæ solatia morti,  
 Phœbe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo  
 Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora  
 Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit  
 Et furrugineam frontem discriminat anguis:  
 Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squalida passu  
 Illabi thalamis animasque a stirpe recentes  
 Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento  
 Devesci et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.

704

710

Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Chorcæbus;  
 Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi  
 Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,  
 Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates  
 Portarum in bivio, lateri duo corpora parvum  
 Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,  
 Ferratique ungues tenero sub corde tepescunt.  
 Obvius huic latus omne virum stipante coronâ,

715

720



Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725  
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.  
 Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,  
 Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,  
 Her spotted breast and gaping womb imbru'd  
 With livid poison and our children's blood. 730  
 The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,  
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.  
 Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,  
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.  
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,  
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast; 736  
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,  
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.  
 But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow  
 Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740 }  
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:  
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around  
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:

It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro 725  
 5710 Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone corusco  
 Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo  
 Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et visere juxta  
 Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam  
 Proluviem, et crasso squalentia pectora tabo,  
 Qua nostræ cecidere animæ. stupet Inacha pubes, 730  
 Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.  
 Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,  
 Proterere exanimes artus, asprosq; molares  
 Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.  
 530 Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes 735  
 Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,  
 Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâsse luporum.  
 Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptæ  
 Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra 740  
 Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo  
 Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum  
 Tecta, superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.



And now a thousand lives together fled,  
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,  
 And a whole province in his triumph led. 745 }

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,  
 And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year?  
 Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,  
 And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame  
 Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,  
 Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,  
 In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save,  
 But view'd the shrine with a superior look,  
 And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke: 755

“ With piety, the soul's securest guard,  
 And conscious virtue, still its own reward,  
 Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;  
 Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here: 760  
 Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,  
 And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.  
 Behold him here for whom so many days  
 Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullen rays;  
 For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care, 765  
 Such numbers fell by pestilential air!

---

Labuntur dulces animæ: Mors fila sororum 745  
 Ense metit, captamque tenes fert manibus urbem.  
 560 Quærenti quæ causa duci, quis ab æthere lævus  
 Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum!  
 Idem autor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento  
 Inferias monstro juvenes, qui cæde potiti. 750

Fortunate animi, longumque in sæcula digne  
 Promeriture diem! non tu pia degéner arma  
 Oculis. aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.  
 Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi 755  
 Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras:

570 Non missus, Thymbræe, tuos supplexve penates  
 Advenio: mea me pietas, et conscia virtus  
 Has egere vias. ego sum qui cæde subegi, 759  
 Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,  
 Et squalente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri  
 Quæris, inique, poli. quod si monstra effera magnis



But if the abandon'd race of human-kind  
 From gods above no more compassion find,  
 If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,  
 Yet why must unoffending Argos feel  
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?  
 On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,  
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all,  
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,  
 Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.  
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,  
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;  
 But for my country let my fate atone;  
 Be mine the vengeance as the crime my own."

770

775

Merit distress'd impartial Heav'n relieves:  
 Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;  
 For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,  
 With such amazing virtue durst engage.  
 The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,  
 And from the wond'ring god th' unwilling youth retir'd.  
 Thence we these altars in his temple raise,  
 And offer annual honours, feasts and praise:  
 Those solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;  
 These honours still renew'd his ancient wrath appease.

780

786

Cara adeo superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,  
 Mors hominum, et sævo tanta inclementio cœlo est;  
 Quid meruere Agri? me, me, diviûm optime, solum  
 Objecisse caput fatis præstabit, an illud  
 Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum  
 Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis  
 Lucet ager? sed quid fando tua tela manusque  
 Demoror! expectant matres, supremæque fundunt  
 Vota mihi. satis est: merui, ne parcere velles.  
 Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,  
 Insignemque animam leto demitte: sed illum  
 Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,  
 Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua merentes  
 Respicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis  
 Latoïden, tristemque viro summissus honorem  
 Largitur vitæ. nostro mala nubila cælo  
 Diffugiunt. at tu stupefacti a limine Phœbi  
 Exoratus abis. inde hæc stata sacra quotannis

766

771

776

780

785



But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the King,) 790  
 What name you bear, from what high race you spring?  
 The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known  
 Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.  
 Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night  
 And silent hours to various talk invite." 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,  
 Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:

"Before these altars how shall I proclaim  
 (O gen'rous Prince!) my nation, or my name,  
 Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?  
 Let the sad tale for ever rest untold! 801

Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,  
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own,  
 Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,  
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place." 805

To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast  
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)  
 Replies:—"Ah! why forbears the son to name  
 His wretched father, known too well by fame?  
 Fame that delights around the world to stray, 810  
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

Solennes recolunt epulæ, Phœbeiaque placat  
 Templâ novatus honos. has forte invistis aras.  
 Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus  
 Et Parthaoniæ (dudum si certus ad aures 791  
 Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs: tu pande quis Argos  
 Advenias? quando hæc variis sermonibus hora est.

Dejecit mœstos extemplo Ilinenius heros 796

In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læsum  
 Obliquare oculos. tum longa silentia movit:  
 Non super hos divûm tibi sum quærendus honores  
 Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo 800  
 Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.

Sed si præcipitant miserum cognoscere curæ,  
 Cadmus origo patrum, telus Mavortia Thebæ,  
 Et genetrix Jocasta mihi. tum motus Adrastus 805

Holpitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?  
 Scimus, ait; nec sic aversum fama Mycenis 810

Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes



Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,  
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole,  
 And those who tread the burning Lybian lands,  
 The faithless fyrtes, and the moving sands ; 815  
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,  
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds ;  
 All these the woes of Oepidus have known,  
 Your Fates, your Furies, and your haunted town.  
 If on the sons the parents' crimes descend, 820  
 What prince from those his lineage can defend ?  
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface,  
 With virtuous acts, thy ancestors' disgrace,  
 And be thyself the honour of thy race. }  
 But see ! the stars begin to steal away, 825  
 And shine more faintly at approaching day :  
 Now pour the wine ; and in your tuneful lays  
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise."  
 " Oh, Father Phœbus ! whether Lycia's coast  
 And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast ;  
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair, 831  
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair ;

---

Novit, et Arctoïis si quis de solibus horret,  
 Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum occasibus intrat  
 Oceanum, et si quos incerto latore fyrtes 815  
 Destituunt: ne perge queri, casusque priorum  
 Annumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum  
 Erravit pietas ; nec culpa nepotibus obstat. 820  
 Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis  
 Excusare tuos. Sed jam temone supino  
 Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor ursæ. 825  
 Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum  
 Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.  
 Phœbe parens, seu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivosis  
 Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico 830  
 Castaliæ flavos amor est tibi mergere crines ;  
 Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem  
 Ingratas Phrygios humeris subiisse molares :  
 Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbrâ



Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,  
 Delight in Cynthus and the shady shore;  
 Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835  
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring gods:  
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;  
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:  
 Skill'd in the laws of secret Fate above,  
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840  
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,  
 The change of sceptres and impending woe;  
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air  
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.  
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845  
 T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;  
 Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,  
 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;  
 Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost  
 Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast. 850  
 In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,  
 Condemn'd to Furies and eternal fears;  
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,  
 The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.  
 Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine! 855  
 And on thy hospitable Argos shine;

Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quærere Delon: 835  
 Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes  
 Arcus, et ætherii dono cessere parentes  
 Æternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas  
 Parcarum prænosseminas, fatumque quod ultra est,  
 Et summo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus, 840  
 Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ sceptrâ cometæ.  
 Tu Phryga submittis citharæ. tu matris honori 845  
 Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.  
 Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem  
 Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megæra 850  
 Jejuna Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem  
 640 Æterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis  
 Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.  
 Adsis, O memor Hospitii, Junoniaque arva 855



Whether the style of Titan please thee more,  
 Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;  
 Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain  
 In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;  
 Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,  
 And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;  
 Mithra! whose head the blaze of light adorns,  
 Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns."

860

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Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari  
 Gentis Achæmeniae ritu, seu præstat Osirin  
 Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri  
 Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

860





# VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE  
FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF  
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;  
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train  
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,  
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.  
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5  
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;  
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,  
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.  
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,  
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10  
To decent forms the lawless shoots to bring,  
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.  
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,  
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives;  
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15  
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.  
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,  
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.

---

REGE sub hœc Pomona fuit: quâ nulla Latinas  
Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertiùs hortos,  
Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera foetûs:  
Undè tenet nomen. Non Sylvas illa, nec amnes; 5  
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.  
Nec jaculo gravis est, sed aduncâ dextera falce: 10  
Quâ modò luxuriem premit, et spatiantia passim  
Brachia compescit; fissâ modò cortice virgam  
Inferit; et succos alieno præstat alumno.  
Nec patitur sentire sitim: bibulæque recurvas 15  
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.  
Hicamor, hoc studium; Veneris quoque nulla cupido.  
Vim tamen agrestum metuens, pomaria claudit



Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,  
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20  
 How oft' the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,  
 Who haunt the forests or frequent the lawns,  
 The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,  
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,  
 Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care 25  
 To pass the fences, and surprise the fair!  
 Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,  
 Like these rejected by the scornful dame.  
 To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears,  
 And first a reaper from the field appears: 30  
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain  
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.  
 Oft' o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,  
 And wreaths of hay his sunburnt temples shade:  
 Oft' in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35  
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.  
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,  
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.  
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,  
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs. 40  
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;  
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;

---

Intus: et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. 20  
 Quid non et satyri saltatibus apta Juventus,  
 Fecere, et pinu præcincti cornua panes,  
 Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis;  
 Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,  
 Ut potirentur eâ? sed enim superabat amando 25  
 Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.  
 O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas  
 Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago! 30  
 Tempora sæpe gerens sceno religata recenti,  
 Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.  
 Sæpe manu stimulos rigidâ portabat; ut illum 35  
 Jurares fessos modò disjunxisse juvencos.  
 Falce datâ frondator erat, vitisque putator:  
 Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares: 40  
 Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumptâ.



Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,  
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears,  
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,  
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs :  
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,  
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.

45 }

The god in this decrepit form array'd  
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd ;  
And, "Happy you !" he thus address'd the maid,  
" Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine  
" As other gardens are excell'd by thine !"

50 }

Then kiss'd the fair ; (his kisses warmer grow  
Than such as women on their sex bestow ;)  
Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,  
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.  
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,  
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread ;  
He view'd her twining branches with delight,  
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

55

60

" Yet this tall elm, but for this vine," he said,  
" Had stood neglected, and a barren shade ;  
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround  
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.

65

Denique per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras  
Repperit, ut caperet spectatæ gaudia formæ.  
Ille etiam pictâ redimitus tempora mitrâ,  
Innitens baculo, positus ad tempora canis,  
Assimulavit anum : cultosque intravit in hortos ;  
Pomaque mirata est : Tantoque potentior, inquit,  
Paucaque laudatæ dedit oscula ; qualia nunquam  
Vera dedisset anus : glebâque incurva refedit,  
Suspiciens pandos autumnî pondere ramos.  
Ulmus erat contrâ spatiosa tumentibus uvis :  
Quam sociâ postquam pariter cum vite probavit ;  
At si staret, ait, cælebs, sinè palmite truncus,  
Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.  
Hæc quoque, quæ junctâ vitis requiescit in ulmo,  
Si non nupta foret, terræ acclinata jaceret.

45

55

60

65



Ah! beauteous Maid! let this example move  
 Your mind, averſe from all the joys of love.  
 Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue!  
 What nymph could e'er attract ſuch crowds as you?  
 Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms, 71  
 Ulyſſes' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.  
 Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all they gain,  
 A thouſand court you, tho' they court in vain,  
 A thouſand ſylvans, demi-gods, and gods, 75  
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.  
 But if you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,  
 Whom age and long experience render wiſe,  
 And one whoſe tender care is far above  
 All that theſe lovers ever felt of love, 80  
 (Far more than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſs'd ;)   
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the reſt :  
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;  
 Scarce to himſelf himſelf is better known.  
 To diſtant lands Vertumnus never roves ; 85  
 Like you, contented with his native groves ;  
 Nor at firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair ;  
 For you he lives ; and you alone ſhall ſhare  
 His laſt affection as his early care. }

---

Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus ;  
 Concubitûſque fugis ; nec te conjungere curas. 70  
 Atque utinam velles ! Helene non pluribus eſſet  
 Sollicitata procis : nec quæ Lapiſtheia movit  
 Prælia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyſſei.  
 Nunc quoque, cùm fugias averſerique, petentes,  
 Mille proci cupiunt ; et ſemideique deique, 75  
 Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.  
 Sed tu, ſi ſapies, ſi te bene jungere, anumque  
 Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plûs omnibus illis, 80  
 Plûs quàm credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas :  
 Vertumnumque tori ſocium tibi ſelige : pro quo  
 Me quoque pignus habe. Neque enim ſibi notior ille  
 eſt  
 Quàm mihi. Nec toto paſſim vagus errat in orbe. 85  
 Hæc loca ſola colit. Nec uti pars magna procorum,  
 Quam modò vidit, amat. Tu primus et ultimus illi



Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,  
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.  
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,  
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.  
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,  
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same. 95  
 To him your orchard's early fruits are due;  
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you:)  
 He values these; but yet, alas! complains  
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.  
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows 100  
 With that ripe red the autumnal sun bestows;  
 Nor tasteless herbs that in these gardens rise,  
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;  
 You, only you, can move the god's desire;  
 Oh! crown so constant and so pure a fire! 105  
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;  
 Think 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:  
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,  
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year; 109  
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,  
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!"

This when the various god had urg'd in vain,  
 He straight assum'd his native form again:

---

Ardor eris; solique suos tibi devovet annos.  
 Adde, quod est juvenis: quod naturale decôrîs 90  
 Munus habet; formasque aptè fingetur in omnes:  
 Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet. [tur,  
 Quid, quod amatis item: quod, quæ tibi poma colun-  
 Primus habet; lætâque tenet tua munera dextra? 98  
 Sed neque jam foetus desiderat arbore demptos,  
 Nec quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas; 100  
 Nec quicquam, nisi te. Miserere ardentis: et ipsum,  
 Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede precari—  
 Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat  
 Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti. 110  
 Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,  
 Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit  
 Instrumenta sibi. Talisque apparuit illi,



134 VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.  
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,  
 As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115  
 And thence exerting his refulgent ray,  
 Disperses the darkness, and reveals the day.  
 Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;  
 For when, appearing in a form divine,  
 The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120  
 Of charming features and a youthful face,  
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,  
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love. 123

---

Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago 115  
 Evicit nubes, nullaue obstante reluxit.  
 Vimque parat : sed vi non est opus ; inque figurâ  
 Capta Dei nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.





# IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

[Done by the Author in his Youth.]

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## I. CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,  
Yet swinken nat fans secresie.  
Thilke moral shall ye understond,  
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Ireland;  
Which to the fennes hath him betake, 5  
To filche the grey ducke fro the lake.  
Right then there passen by the way  
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.  
Ducke in his trowfes hath he hent,  
Not to be spy'd of ladies gent. 10  
“But ho! our nephew,” crieth one;  
“Ho!” quoth another, “Cozen John;”  
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out—  
This fely clerke full low doth lout:  
They asken that, and talken this, 15  
“Lo, here is Coz, and here is Miss.”  
But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,  
The ducke fore tickleth his erse roote:  
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest  
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest. 20  
“Te-hee!” cry'd ladies: clerke nought spake:  
Miss star'd, and grey ducke crieth “quaake.”  
“O moder, moder!” quoth the daughter,  
“Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter?”  
“Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,  
“Then trust on mon whose yerde can talke.” 26

## II. SPENSER.

*The Alley.*

### I.

IN ev'ry town where Thamys rolls his tyde,  
A narrow pass there is, with houses low,

M 2

Where



Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,  
 And many a boat soft sliding to and fro:  
 There oft' are heard the notes of infant woe, 5  
 The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall:  
 How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?  
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,  
 And as they crouchen low for bread and butter call.

## II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10  
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;  
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,  
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;  
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.  
 At ev'ry door are sunburnt matrons seen 15  
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;  
 Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;  
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbour-  
 hood I ween.

## III.

The snappish cur (the passengers annoy)  
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies; 20  
 The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser screaming boy,  
 Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;  
 The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,  
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound:  
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies: 25  
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,  
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base  
 are drown'd.

## IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,  
 Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days  
 Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30  
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or place:  
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.  
 Slander beside her like a magpie chatters,  
 With Envy (spitting cat) dread foe to peace;  
 Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters, 35  
 And vexing ev'ry wight tears clothes and all 10  
 tatters.

V. Her



## V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand ;  
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall :  
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,  
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ; 40  
 Nay, ev'n the parts of shame by name would call :  
 Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,  
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,  
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,  
 Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look. 45

## VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,  
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch ;  
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,  
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,  
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch, 50  
 Ne village is without, on either side,  
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;  
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd  
 Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's tow'ry  
 pride. 54

## III. WALLER.

*Of a Lady singing to her Lute.*

FAIR charmer! cease ; nor make your voice's prize  
 A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :  
 Well might, alas ! that threaten'd vessel fail,  
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.  
 We were too blest'd with these enchanting lays, 5  
 Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays :  
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,  
 Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.  
 Orpheus could charm the trees ; but thus a tree,  
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he. 10  
 A poet made the silent wood pursue ;  
 This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.



*On a Fan of the Author's Design, in which was painted the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with the Motto Aura Veni.*

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian shepherd said,  
 While Procris panted in the secret shade:  
 Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,  
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.  
 Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray, 5  
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!  
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,  
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:  
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;  
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love. 10  
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,  
 At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:  
 She views the story with attentive eyes,  
 And pities Procris while her lover dies. 14

#### IV. COWLEY.

##### *The Garden.*

FAIN would my Muse the flow'ry treasure sing,  
 And humble glories of the youthful Spring;  
 Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,  
 And soft carnations show'r their balmy dews;  
 While lilies smile in virgin robes of white, 5  
 The thin undress of superficial light,  
 And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,  
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.  
 Each painted flow'ret in the lake below  
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10  
 And pale Narcissus, on the bank in vain  
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.  
 Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,  
 And mount the hill in venerable rows;  
 There the green infants in their beds are laid, 15  
 The Garden's hope, and its expected shade.  
 Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,  
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;



Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,  
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20  
 There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,  
 By laurels shielded from the piercing day:  
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,  
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade;  
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25  
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.  
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,  
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,  
 Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,  
 And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays. 30

*Weeping.*

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,  
 Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes;  
 The sun, next those the fairest light,  
 Thus from the ocean first did rise:  
 And thus thro' mists we see the sun, 5  
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,  
 Foretell the fervour of the day:  
 So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,  
 And blasting lightnings burst away. 10  
 The stars that fall from Celia's eye  
 Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere  
 So like a Phaëton appears,  
 That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare, 15  
 Thought fit to drown him in her tears;  
 Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire  
 To set, like him, heav'n too on fire. 18



## V. E. OF ROCHESTER.

*On Silence.*

## I.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity,  
 Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be;  
 'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

## II.

Thine was the sway ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,  
 Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd Creation's birth, 5  
 Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant  
 forth.

## III.

Then various elements against thee join'd,  
 In one more various animal combin'd,  
 And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

## IV.

The tone mov'd gently first, and speech was low,  
 Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show, 11  
 And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

## V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain:  
 Lost in the maze of words he turns again,  
 And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

## VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free, 16  
 Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,  
 And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

## VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,  
 And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise; 20  
 Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

## VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;  
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,  
 And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX. Silence!



## IX.

Silence! the knave's repute, the whore's good name,  
 The only honour of the wishing dame; 26  
 The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

## X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,  
 How church and state should be oblig'd to thee!  
 At senate and at bar how welcome wouldst thou be?

## XI.

Yet speech ev'n there submissively withdraws 31  
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:  
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

## XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,  
 What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes, 35  
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy aims repose.

## XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,  
 The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,  
 Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

## XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry, 40  
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee;  
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

## VI. E. OF DORSET.

*Artemisia.*

THO' Artemisia talks by fits  
 Of counsels, classics, fathers, wits;  
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;  
 Yet in some things methinks she fails;  
 'Twere well if she would pare her nails, 5  
 And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty



Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,  
Such nastiness and so much pride

Are oddly join'd by Fate :  
On her large squab you find her spread,  
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,  
That lies and stinks in state.

10

She wears no colours (sign of grace)

On any part except her face ;

All white and black beside :  
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,  
Her voice theatrically loud,  
And masculine her stride.

15

So have I seen, in black and white,

A prating thing, a magpie hight,

Majestically stalk ;  
A stately worthless animal,

That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,

All flutter, pride, and talk.

20

24

*Phryne.*

**P**HRYNE had talents for mankind ;

Open she was and unconfin'd,

Like some free port of trade :

Merchants unloaded here their freight,

And agents from each foreign state

Here first their entry made.

5

Her learning and good breeding such,

Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,

Spaniards or French came to her ;

To all obliging she'd appear ;

'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynbeer*,

'Twas *S'il vous plait, Monsieur*.

10

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,

Still changing names, religions, climes,

At length she turns a bride :

15

In



In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,  
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,  
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair  
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)  
 Still vary shapes and dyes;  
 Still gain new titles with new forms;  
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,  
 Then painted butterflies.

20

24

## VII. DR. SWIFT.

*The Happy Life of a Country Parson.*

PARSON, these things in thy possessing  
 Are better than the bishop's blessing:  
 A wife that makes conserves; a steed  
 That carries double when there's need;  
 October store, and best Virginia,  
 Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea;  
 Gazettes sent gratis down and frank'd,  
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;  
 A large concordance, bound long since;  
 Sermons to Charles the First when prince;  
 A chronicle of ancient standing;  
 A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in:  
 The Polyglot—three parts—my text,  
 Howbeit—like life—now to my next:  
 Lo here the Septuagint—and Paul,  
 To sum the whole—the close of all.

5

10

15

He that has these may pass his life,  
 Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;  
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,  
 And fast on Fridays—if he will;  
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,  
 Talk with churchwardens about pews,  
 Pray heartily for some new gift,  
 And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

20

24



# EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

## BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

---

### Advertisement

*To the First Publication of this Epistle.*

**T**HIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge,) but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true: but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend, to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness. P.



## EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said;  
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.  
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,  
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:  
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,  
By land, by water, they renew the charge,  
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10  
No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:  
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,  
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much bemus'd in beer, 15  
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,  
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?  
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls  
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?  
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain 21  
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,  
Imputes to me and my damn'd Works the cause:  
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25  
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which, did not you prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song,)  
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?  
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? 30

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;  
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.  
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!  
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.  
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace, 35  
And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read  
With honest anguish, and an aching head,



And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39  
This saving counsel, "Keep your peace nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who, high in Drury-Lane,  
Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,  
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,  
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it; 45

"I'm all submission; what you'd have it—make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,  
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me; "You know his Grace;

"I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—"But here's a letter

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;

"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues, 55

"A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd that the House rejects him, "Sdeath, I'll print it,

"And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks; 65

At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;

"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a king,) 70

His very minister, who spy'd them first,

(Some say his queen,) was forc'd to speak or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,

When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face? 74

A. Good friend! forbear; you deal in dang'rous

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings; [things;

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,

'Tis nothing.—P. Nothing! if they bite and kick?



Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,  
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass: 80  
 The truth once told, (and wherefore should we lie?)  
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,  
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.  
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break, 85  
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:  
 Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,  
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.  
 Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb thro',  
 He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew: 90  
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;  
 The creature's at his dirty work again,  
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,  
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!  
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer 95  
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?  
 And has not Colly still his lord and whore?  
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?  
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?  
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit? 100  
 Still Sappho.—A. Hold! for God's sake you'll offend;  
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:  
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;  
 But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.  
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105  
 It is the flaver kills and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent:  
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,  
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110  
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,  
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.  
 This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,  
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are who to my person pay their court: 115  
 I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short;  
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,  
 Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir, you have an eye—"



Go on, obliging creatures! make me see  
 All that disgrac'd my betters met in me. 120  
 Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 "Just so immortal Maro held his head:"

And when I die, be sure you let me know  
 Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125  
 Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:

I left no calling for this idle trade,  
 No duty broke, no father disobeyed: 130

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me thro' this long disease, my life,

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,

And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? Granville, the polite, 135

And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,

And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd, my lays;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,

Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140

And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)

With open arms receiv'd one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!

Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!

From these the world will judge of men and books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks. 146

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence,

While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,

A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;

I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still:

Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;

I never answer'd; I was not in debt.

If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155

I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;

If wrong I smil'd, if right I kiss'd the rod.

Pains,



Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,  
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160  
 Commas and points they set exactly right,  
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite;  
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribbalds,  
 From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds :  
 Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
 Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166  
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,  
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.  
 Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms  
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms ! 170  
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry ; I excus'd them too ;  
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.  
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find, 175  
 But each man's secret standard in his mind.  
 That casting weight pride adds to emptiness,  
 This who can gratify ? for who can guess ?  
 The hard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,  
 Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown, 180  
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year ;  
 He who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,  
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left ;  
 And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning ;  
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :  
 All these my modest Satire bade translate,  
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate. 190  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !  
 And swear not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! But were there one whose fires  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,  
 Bless'd with each talent and each art to please, 195  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;



View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ; 200  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend ; 205  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
 Dreading ev'n fools ; by flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd ;  
 Like Cato give his little senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210  
 While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
 Who but must laugh if such a man there be !  
 Who would not weep if Atticus were he !

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls 215  
 Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals ?  
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,  
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?  
 I sought no homage from the race that write ;  
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight : 220  
 Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)  
 No more than thou, great George ! a birthday song ;  
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,  
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;  
 Nor like a puppy daggled thro' the Town 225  
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;  
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,  
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;  
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,  
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill  
 Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill ;  
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,  
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.  
 His library (where busts of poets dead 235  
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)  
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,  
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :

Much



Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,  
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days ate ; 240  
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise ;  
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,  
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.  
 Dryden alone (what wonder ?) came not nigh ; 245  
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :  
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,  
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray-goose quill !  
 May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still ! 250  
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,  
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,  
 Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,  
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !  
 Bless'd be the great ! for these they take away, 255  
 And those they left me---for they left me Gay ;  
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,  
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :  
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return  
 My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn ! 260

O ! let me live my own, and die so too !  
 (To live and die is all I have to do ;)  
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,  
 And see what friends, and read what books, I please ;  
 Above a patron, tho' I condescend 265  
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.  
 I was not born for courts or great affairs ;  
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;  
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,  
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?  
 Heav'ns ! was I born for nothing but to write ?  
 Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)  
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ? 274  
 " I found him close with Swift"--" Indeed ? no doubt  
 (Cries prating Balbus) " something will come out."  
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will ;  
 " No, such a genius never can lie still ;"

And



And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
 The first lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes. 280  
 Poor guiltless I ! and can I chuse but smile,  
 When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my Style?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear, 285  
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear !

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
 Intults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,  
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,  
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out ; 290

That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,  
 Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame ;  
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,  
 And show the sense of it without the love;

Who has the vanity to call you Friend, 295  
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;  
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
 And if he lie not must at least betray ;

Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,  
 And sees at Canons what was never there ; 300  
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,  
 Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie ;

A last like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble---A. What ? that thing of silk,  
 Sporus ! that mere white curd of asses' milk ? 306  
 Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel !

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ; 310  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,

Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,

And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks,

Or



Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies ;  
 His wit all see-saw between that and this,  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }  
 And he himself one vile antithesis. 325 }  
 Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,  
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart ;  
 Fop at the toilette, flatt'rer at the board,  
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.  
 Eve's tempter thus, the Rabbins have exprest, 330  
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest ;  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.  
 Not Fortune's worshipper nor Fashion's fool,  
 Not Lucre's madman nor Ambition's tool, 335  
 Not proud nor servile, be one poet's praise,  
 That if he pleas'd he pleas'd by manly ways ;  
 That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,  
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;  
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340  
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song ;  
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,  
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ; 345  
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;  
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;  
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft' o'erthrown, 350  
 Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own ;  
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,  
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;  
 Abuse on all he lov'd or lov'd him spread,  
 A friend in exile, or a father dead ; 355  
 The whisper that, to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear---



Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past;  
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave to me in ev'ry state;  
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,  
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;  
A hireling scribbler or a hireling peer,  
Knight of the Post corrupt, or of the shire, 365  
It on a pillory, or near a throne,  
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,  
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:  
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess 370  
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:  
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,  
Has drunk with Cibber; nay, has rhym'd for Moore.  
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?  
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie. 375  
'To please a mistress one aspers'd his life;  
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:  
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,  
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;  
Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse 380  
His father, mother, body, soul, and Muse:  
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,  
It was a sin to call our neighbour Fool;  
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore;  
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385  
Unspotted names, and memorable long!  
If there be force in virtue or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,  
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)  
Each parent sprung---A. What fortune, pray?---

P. Their own; 390  
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.  
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,  
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,  
Stranger to civil and religious rage,  
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age: 395

No



No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.  
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,  
No language but the language of the heart.  
By nature honest, by experience wise, 400  
Healthy by temp'rance and by exercise;  
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown;  
His death was instant, and without a groan.  
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die! 404  
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.  
Oh, Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!  
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:  
Me let the tender office long engage  
To rock the cradle of reposing age,  
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410  
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep a while one parent from the sky!  
On cares like these, if length of days attend,  
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,  
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene, 416  
And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.  
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,  
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n. 419





# SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES, OF HORACE,

IMITATED.

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Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

HOR.

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## Advertisement.

THE occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State, neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller; for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis. P.

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## Advertisement.

WHOEVER expects a paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius or manner of writing, in these Imitations, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas; and if the old design or colouring chance to  
suit



suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest, and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his original, than was necessary for his concurrence in promoting their common plan of reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace, with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendour of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius; and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself with turning into ridicule.

If it be asked, then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his Advertisement; to which we may add, that this sort of Imitation, which is of the nature of Parody, throws reflected grace and splendour on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.





# HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

## IMITATED.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told,)  
1 There are to whom my Satire seems too bold;  
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,  
And something said of Chartres much too rough.  
2 The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say; 5  
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a-day.  
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,  
3 I come to council learned in the law:  
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,  
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee. 10  
F. 4 I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,  
5 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.  
I nod in company, I wake at night,  
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15  
Why, if the night seem tedious---take a wife:  
6 Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,  
Lettuce and cowslip wine: *probatum est*.

---

# HOR. LIB. II. SAT. I.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

H. **S**UNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra  
Legem tendere opus: 2 sine nervis altera, quidquid  
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum  
Mille die versus deduci posse. 3 Trebati,  
Quid faciam, præscribe.

T. 4 Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam inquis,

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non  
Optimum erat: 5 verum nequeo dormire.

T. 6 Ter uncti  
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;



But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise  
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

<sup>1</sup> Or if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise;

<sup>2</sup> You'll gain at least a knighthood or the bays.

P. What? like Sir <sup>3</sup> Richard, rumbling, rough and  
fierce, [verse,

With arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the  
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,

Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F <sup>4</sup> Then all your Muse's softer art display,

Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay;

30

Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,

And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.

P. <sup>5</sup> Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;

They scarce can bear their Laureat twice a-year;

And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;

35

It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. <sup>6</sup> Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,

Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme Quadrille,

Abuse the City's best good men in metre,

And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.

40

Irriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.

<sup>1</sup> Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude  
Cæsar's invicti res dicere, <sup>2</sup> multa laborum  
Præmia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires  
Deficiunt: <sup>3</sup> neque enim quivis horrentia pilis  
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,  
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

T. <sup>4</sup> Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,  
Scipiadem ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,  
Cum res ipsa feret: <sup>5</sup> nisi dextro tempore, Flacci  
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsar's aurem;  
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrant undique tutus.

T. <sup>6</sup> Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu  
Patolabum scurram. Nomentanumque nepotem?



1 Ev'n those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em ?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam :  
The fewer still you name you wound the more ;  
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. 2 Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny 45

Scarfdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie :

Ridotto sips and dances till she see

The doubling lustres dance as fast as she :

3 F---loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,

Like in all else as one egg to another. 50

4 I love to pour out all myself as plain

As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne :

In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,

The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;

In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55

Will prove at least the medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass my Muse intends

Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;

Publish the present age ; but where my text

Is vice too high, reserve it for the next ; 60

My foes shall wish my life a longer date,

And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,

5 Verseman or Proseman, term me which you will,

1 Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et  
odit,

H. 2 Quid faciam ? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

3 Castor gaudet equis ; ovo prognatus eodem,

Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

Millia. 4 me pedibus delectat claudere verba,

Lucilî ritu, nostrum meliores utroque.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim

Credebat libris ; neque, si male gesserat, usquam,

Decurrens alio, neque si bene : quo fit ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita senis. sequor hunc, 5 Lucanus an Appulus,  
anceps ;



Papist or Protestant, or both between,  
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,  
In moderation placing all my glory,  
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

65

<sup>1</sup> Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet  
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet ;

70

<sup>2</sup> I only wear it in a land of Hectors,  
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.

<sup>3</sup> Save but our army ! and let Jove incrust  
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust !

<sup>4</sup> Peace is my dear delight---not Fleury's more ;  
But touch me, and no minister so sore.

75

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

<sup>5</sup> Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,

And the sad burthen of some merry song.

80

<sup>6</sup> Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage ;

Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page :

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,

P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

<sup>7</sup> Its proper pow'r to hurt each creature feels ;

85

Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels ;

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,  
Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,  
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis ;  
Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum  
Incuteret violenta.] <sup>1</sup> sed hic stylus haud petet ultro  
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis  
Vagina tectus : quem cur distringere coner,

<sup>2</sup> Tutus ab infestis latronibus ; O pater et rex

<sup>3</sup> Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

Nec quisquam noceat <sup>4</sup> cupido mihi pacis ! at ille,

Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)

<sup>5</sup> Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur Urbe.

<sup>6</sup> Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam ;

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum ;

Grande malum Turius, si quis se iudice certet.

<sup>7</sup> Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque

Imperet hoc natura potens, sic collige mecum.



'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug ;  
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.

<sup>1</sup> So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,  
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

90

<sup>2</sup> Then, learned Sir ! (to cut the matter short)  
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,  
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,  
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,  
Or Death's black wing already be display'd,  
To wrap me in the universal shade ;

95

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,  
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write ;  
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,

<sup>3</sup> Like Lee or Budgell I will rhyme and print. 100

F. 4 Alas, young man, your days can ne'er be long ;  
In flow'r of age you perish for a song !

Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,  
Will club their testors now to take your life.

P. 5 What ? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,  
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men, 106

Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,  
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star ;

Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,  
Lights of the church or guardians of the laws ? 110

Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain,  
Flatt'ers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign ?

Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit, unde. nisi intus  
Monstratum ? <sup>1</sup> Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti  
Matrem ; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera : (mirum !  
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit  
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta. [bos)

<sup>2</sup> Ne longum faciam, seu me tranquilla senectus  
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis ;  
Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul ;  
<sup>3</sup> Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

T. 4 O puer, ut sis  
Vitalis metuo ; et majorum ne quis amicus  
Frigore te feriat.

H. 5 Quid ? cum est Lucilius ausus



Could Laureat Dryden pimp and fry'r engage,  
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?  
 And I not <sup>1</sup> strip the gilding off a knave, 115  
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?  
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:  
 Hear this and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.  
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave  
 Shall walk the world in credit to his grave: 120  
<sup>2</sup> To virtue only and her friends a friend,  
 The world beside may murmur or commend.  
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,  
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep:  
<sup>3</sup> There my retreat the best companions grace, 125  
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place:  
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,  
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul:  
 And he whose lightning pierc'd the Iberian lines,  
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;  
 Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain 131  
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.  
<sup>4</sup> Envy must own I live among the great,  
 No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state;  
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,  
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats; 136

---

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,  
<sup>1</sup> Detrahare et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora  
 Dederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, aut qui  
 Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,  
 Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,  
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui  
 Primores populi arriquit populumque tributim;  
 Scilicet <sup>2</sup> uni æquus virtute atque ejus amicis.  
<sup>3</sup> Quin, ubi se a vulgo et scena, in secreta remorant  
 Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Læli,  
 Nugari cum illo, et discincti luderi, donec  
 Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis  
 Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque; tamen me  
<sup>4</sup> Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque



To help who want, to forward who excel;  
 This all who know me know, who love me, tell;  
 And who unknown defame me, let them be  
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.

140

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—

<sup>1</sup> What faith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. <sup>2</sup> Your plea is good; but still I say beware!  
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times,  
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

145

<sup>3</sup> Consult the statute; *quart.* I think it is,  
*Edwardi sext. or prem. et quint. Eliz.*

See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

P. <sup>4</sup> Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed!

150

But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,  
 Such as a king might read, a bishop write,  
 Such as Sir Robert would approve—F. indeed!

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed:

<sup>5</sup> In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,

155

My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

Invidia; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,  
 Offendet solido:

<sup>1</sup> nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,  
 Dissentis.

T. <sup>2</sup> Equidem nihil hic diffindere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

<sup>3</sup> “Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, just est  
 “Judiciumque.”

H. Esto, si quis <sup>4</sup> mala: sed bona si quis  
 Judice condiderit laudatur Cæsare. si quis

Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse,

T. <sup>5</sup> Solventur risu tabulæ; tu missus abibis.



# HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. II.

## IMITATED.

TO MR. BETHEL.

1. **W**HAT, and how great, the virtue and the art  
To live on little with a cheerful heart!  
2 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)  
Let's talk, my friends, but talk 3 before we dine;  
4 Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride 5  
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;  
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,  
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.  
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,  
5 But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10  
"Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began;)  
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.  
6 Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,  
Or fish deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd,)
- 

## HOR. LIB. II. SAT. II.

1. **Q**UÆ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,  
(2 Nec meus hic sermo est; sed quem præcepit  
Ofellus,  
Rusticus, 3 abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)  
Discite, 4 non inter lances mensasque nitentes;  
Cum stupet infans acies fulgoribus, et cum  
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat;  
5 Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?  
Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis  
Corruptus judex. leporam sectatus, equove  
Lassus ab indomito; vel si Romana statigat  
Militia assuetum Græcari; seu pila velox,  
Moliter austerum studio fallante laborem;  
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco;  
Cum labor extuderit fastidia, foccus, inanis  
Sperne cibum vilem; nisi Hymettia mella Falerno  
Ne biberis diluta. 6 foris est promus, et atrum  
Defendens pisces hyemat mare: cum sale panis  
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas? aut  
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas



If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15  
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

<sup>1</sup> Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men  
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;  
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,  
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

<sup>2</sup> Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,  
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat,)  
Yet for small turbot's such esteem profess?  
Because God made these large, the other less:  
<sup>3</sup> Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25  
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole hog barbecu'd!"  
Oh blast it, <sup>4</sup> South-winds! till a stench exhale  
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,  
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30

Summa. sed in teipso est. tu pulmentaria quære  
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque, nec ostrea,  
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

<sup>1</sup> Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin  
Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum,  
Corruptus vanis rerum; quia veneat auro  
Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:  
Tanquam ad rem attineat quicquam. num vesceris ista,  
Quam laudas, pluma? cocto num adest honoridem?  
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil, hac magis illa;  
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet. esto.  
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto  
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis  
Ostia sub Tusci? <sup>2</sup> laudas, insane, trilibrem  
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.  
Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo  
Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis  
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.  
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgario temnit.

<sup>3</sup> Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino  
Velem, ait Harpyis gula digna rapacibus. at vos  
<sup>4</sup> Præsentes Austri, coquite horum obsonia: quanquam  
Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando  
Ægrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus



When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,  
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;  
He calls for something bitter, something sour,  
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.

<sup>1</sup> Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see; 35  
Thus much is left of old simplicity!

<sup>2</sup> The robin redbreast till of late had rest,  
And children sacred held a martin's nest,  
Till baccaficos sold so dev'lish dear

To one that was, or would have been, a peer. 40

<sup>3</sup> Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,  
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;  
Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;  
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

<sup>4</sup> 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45  
About one vice and fall into the other:

Between excess and famine lies a mean;  
Plain but not sordid, tho' not splendid clean.

<sup>5</sup> Avidien or his wife, (no matter which,  
For him you'll call a <sup>6</sup> dog, and her a bitch,) 50  
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,  
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

<sup>7</sup> One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,  
And is at once their vinegar and wine:

Atque acidas mavult inulas. <sup>1</sup> necdum omnis abacta  
Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis,  
Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. haud ita pridem  
Gallonî præconis erat acipensere mensa

Infamis. quid? tum rhombus minus æquor alebat?

<sup>2</sup> Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido;

Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. ergo

<sup>3</sup> Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos;

Parebit pravi docilis Romana juvenus.

<sup>4</sup> Sordidus a tenui victu distabit, Ofello  
Judice. nam frustra vitium vitaveris illud;

Si te alio pravum detorseris. <sup>5</sup> Avidienus,

<sup>6</sup> Cui canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,

Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna;

<sup>7</sup> Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum, et (licebit

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre:



But on some <sup>1</sup> lucky day, (as when they found 55  
 A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd,)  
 At such a feast, <sup>2</sup> old vinegar to spare,  
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:  
 Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,  
 But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

<sup>3</sup> He knows to live who keeps the middle state,  
 And neither leans on this side nor on that;  
 Nor <sup>4</sup> stops for one bad cork his butler's pay,  
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;  
 Nor lets, like <sup>5</sup> Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65  
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

<sup>6</sup> Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:  
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing.)  
<sup>7</sup> First health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,  
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70  
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar,  
 And all the man is one intestine war,)  
 Remembers oft' <sup>8</sup> the schoolboy's simple fare,  
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

<sup>9</sup> How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest 75  
 Rise from a clergy or a city feast!

Ille repotia, natales, aleosve dierum

<sup>1</sup> Festos albutus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri  
 Caulibus instillat, <sup>2</sup> veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum  
 Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.  
<sup>3</sup> Mundus erit, qui non offendet sordibus, atque  
 In neutram partem cultus miser. <sup>4</sup> Hic neque servis.  
 Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,  
 Sævus erit; nec sit ut simplex <sup>5</sup> Nævius, unctam  
 Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

<sup>6</sup> Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum  
 Afferat. <sup>7</sup> in primis valeas bene: nam variæ res  
 Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ  
 Quæ simplex <sup>8</sup> olim tibi federit. at simul assis  
 Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis;  
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum  
 Lenta feret pituita. <sup>9</sup> vides, ut pallidus omnis  
 Cœna defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum



What life in all that ample body say?

What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines

To seem but mortal ev'n in sound divines.

80

<sup>1</sup> On morning wings how active springs the mind  
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!

How easy every labour it pursues!

How coming to the poet ev'ry Muse!

<sup>2</sup> Not but we may exceed some holy time,

85

Or tir'd in search of truth or search of rhyme:

Ill health some just indulgence may engage,

And more the sickness of long life, old age:

<sup>3</sup> For fainting age what cordial drop remains,

If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains?

90

<sup>4</sup> Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,

Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,

And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;

More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

96

<sup>5</sup> Why had not I in those good times my birth,

Ere coxcomb pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulum auræ.

<sup>1</sup> Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori  
Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.

<sup>2</sup> Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quandam;

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus; ubique

Accedent anni, et tractari mollius ætas

Imbecilla volet. <sup>3</sup> tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,

Quam puer et validus præsumis. mollitiem; seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus? [nasus

<sup>4</sup> Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia

Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente quod hospes

Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam

Integrum edax dominus consumeret. <sup>5</sup> hos utinam

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

[inter



Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,  
 1 That sweetest music to an honest ear, 100  
 (For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,  
 The world's good word is better than a song.)  
 Who has not learn'd 2 fresh sturgeon and ham-pie  
 Are no rewards for want and infamy!  
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105  
 Curs'd by thy 3 neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;  
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind, a shame,  
 Think how posterity will treat thy name;  
 And 4 buy a rope, that future times may tell  
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110  
 5 "Right," cries his Lordship; "for a rogue in  
 "To have a taste is insolence indeed: [need  
 "In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,  
 "My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."  
 Then, like the sun, let 6 Bounty spread her ray, 115  
 And shine that superfluity away.  
 Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store  
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?  
 Shall half the 7 new-built churches round thee fall?  
 Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall; 120  
 Or to thy country let that heap be lent,  
 As M\*\*o's was, but not at five *per cent*.

1 Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem  
 Occupat humanem? grandes rhombi, patinæque  
 Grande ferunt una 2 cum damno dedecus. adde  
 3 Iratum patrum, vicinos te tibi iniquum,  
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti  
 4 As, laquei pretium.

5 Jure, inquis, Trasius istis  
 Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,  
 Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. 6 Ergo,  
 Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?  
 Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare  
 7 Templâ ruunt antiqua Deûm? cur, improbe, caræ  
 Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?  
 Uni nimirum recte tibi semper erunt res?



<sup>1</sup> Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,  
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And <sup>2</sup> who stands safest? Tell me, is it he 125  
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity;  
Or, bless'd with little, whose preventing care  
In peace provides fit arms against a war?"

<sup>3</sup> Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,  
And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,  
And as I love would imitate the man.

In South-sea days, not happier, when surmis'd  
The lord of thousands, than if now <sup>4</sup> excis'd;  
In forest planted by a father's hand, 135  
Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here  
On <sup>5</sup> brocoli and mutton round the year;  
But <sup>6</sup> ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play,)  
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away: 140

'Tis true, no <sup>7</sup> turbot's dignify my boards,  
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:  
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,  
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:  
<sup>8</sup> From yon' old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall, 145  
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,

<sup>1</sup> O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne

<sup>2</sup> Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui  
Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum;  
An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,  
In pace, ut sapiens, aptârit idonea bello?

<sup>3</sup> Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvis Ofellum  
Integris opibus novi non latius usum,  
Quam nunc <sup>4</sup> accissis. videas metato in agello,  
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,  
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta  
Quidquam, præter <sup>5</sup> olus, fumosæ cum pede pernæ.  
At mihi, cum <sup>6</sup> longum post tempus venerat hospes,  
Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem  
Vicinus, bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,  
Sed pullo, atque hædo: tum <sup>7</sup> pensilis uva secundas  
Et nux <sup>8</sup> ornabat menfas, cum duplici ficu.



And figs from standard and espalier join;  
 The devil is in you if you cannot dine:  
 Then <sup>1</sup> cheerful healths, (your mistress shall have  
 place,)

And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150

<sup>2</sup> Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;  
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost!  
 My life's amusements have been just the same  
 Before and after <sup>3</sup> standing armies came.

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone; 155

I'll hire another's; is not that my own,  
 And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-op'ning gate  
 None comes too early, none departs too late;  
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,  
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160

" Pray Heav'n it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;

" I wish to God this house had been your own!

" Pity to build without a son or wife:

" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one 165

Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

What's <sup>4</sup> property? dear Swift! you see it alter

From you to me, from me to <sup>5</sup> Peter Walter;

Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share,

Or in a jointure vanish from the heir; 170

Or in pure <sup>6</sup> Equity (the case not clear)

The chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:

At best it falls to some <sup>7</sup> ungracious son,

Who cries "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."

Post hoc ludus erat <sup>1</sup> cuppa potare magistra:

Ac venerata Ceres, ut culmo surgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.

<sup>2</sup> Sæviat, atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcius, aut

O pueri, nituistis, ut huc <sup>3</sup> novus incola venit? [vos,

Nam <sup>4</sup> propriæ telluris herum natura, neque illum,

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit, nos expulit ille:

Illum aut <sup>5</sup> nequities, aut <sup>6</sup> vafri inscitia juris,

Postremo expellet certe <sup>7</sup> vivacior heres,



<sup>1</sup> Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175  
 Become the portion of a booby lord;  
 And Hemfley, once proud Buckingham's delight,  
 Slides to a scriv'ner or a city knight.  
<sup>2</sup> Let lands and houses have what lords they will,  
 Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

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<sup>1</sup> Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli  
 Dictus, erit nulli proprius; sed cedet in usum  
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii. <sup>2</sup> quocirca vivite fortes;  
 Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.





## HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

### IMITATED.

The First Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. Swift ; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear  
For life six hundred pounds a-year,  
A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end,  
A terrace-walk, and half a rood  
Of land set out to plant a wood.

5

Well, now I have all this, and more,  
I ask not to increase my store ;  
' But here a grievance seems to lie,  
' All this is mine but till I die ;  
' I can't but think 't would sound more clever,  
' To me and to my heirs for ever.

10

' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,  
' By any trick or any fault ;  
' And if I pray by Reason's rules,  
' And not like forty other fools,  
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh, gracious Maker !  
' To grant me this and t'other acre ;  
' Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,  
' Direct my plough to find a treasure ;

15

20

---

## HOR. LIB. II. SAT. VI.

HOC erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,  
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,  
Et paulum silvæ super his foret. auctius, atque  
Dimelius fecere. bene est : nihil amplius oro,  
Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera saxis.  
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,  
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem :  
Si veneror stultus nihil horum ; O si angulus ille  
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum !  
O si urnam argenti fors qua mihi monstret ! ut illi,  
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum  
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico  
Hercule : si, quod adest, gratum juvat : hac prece te oro ;



‘ But only what my station fits,  
 ‘ And to be kept in my right wits,  
 ‘ Preserve, almighty Providence!  
 ‘ Just what you gave me, competence;  
 ‘ And let me in these shades compose  
 ‘ Something in verse as true as prose,  
 ‘ Remov’d from all th’ ambitious scene,  
 ‘ Nor puff’d by pride, nor sunk by spleen.”

25

In short, I’m perfectly content,  
 Let me but live on this side Trent,  
 Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,  
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

30

I must by all means come to Town,  
 ’Tis for the service of the Crown;  
 “ Lewis, the Dean will be of use;  
 “ Send for him up, take no excuse.”

35

The toil, the danger, of the seas,  
 Great ministers ne’er think of these;  
 Or, let it cost five hundred pound,  
 No matter where the money’s found,  
 It is but so much more in debt,  
 And that they ne’er consider’d yet.

40

“ Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown;  
 “ Let my Lord know you’re come to Town.”  
 I hurry me in haste away,  
 Not thinking it is levee-day,  
 And find his Honour in a pound,  
 Hemm’d by a triple circle round,

45

---

Pingue pecus domino facias, et cætera, præter  
 Ingenium : utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.  
 Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,  
 Quid prius illustrem Satiris musaque pedestri ?  
 Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,  
 Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus ascerbæ.

Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,  
 Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores  
 Instituunt, (sic Dîs placitum) tu carminis esto  
 Principium. Romæ sponsorem me rapis : Eia,  
 Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge :  
 Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem



Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green,  
 How should I thrust myself between?  
 Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,  
 And, smiling, whispers to the next,  
 "I thought the Dean had been too proud,  
 "To jostle here among a crowd."

50

Another, in a furly fit,  
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit;  
 "So eager to express your love,  
 "You ne'er consider whom you shove,  
 "But rudely press before a duke."

55

I own I am pleas'd with this rebuke,  
 And take it kindly meant, to show  
 What I desire the world should know.

60

I get a whisper and withdraw,  
 When twenty fools I never saw  
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd,  
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

65

This humbly offers me his case—  
 That begs my int'rest for a place—  
 A hundred other men's affairs,  
 Like bees, are humming in my ears.

70

"To-morrow my appeal comes on;  
 "Without your help the cause is gone."—  
 "The duke expects my lord and you,  
 "About some great affair at two."---  
 "Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind  
 "To get my warrant quickly sign'd:

75

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.  
 Postmodo, quod mihi obstat, clare certumque locuto,  
 Luctandum in turba; facienda injuria tardis.  
 Quid vis, insane, et quas res agis? (improbus urget  
 Iratis precibus) tu pulses omne quod obstat,  
 Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.  
 Hoc juvat, et melli est; non mentiar. at simul atras  
 Ventum est Esquillas; aliena negotia centum  
 Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam  
 Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.  
 De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te  
 Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.



“ Consider, ’tis my first request.”---

“ Be satisfy’d, I’ll do my best :”---

Then presently he falls to tease,

“ You may for certain if you please ;

80

“ I doubt not, if his Lordship knew.---

“ And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.”---

’Tis (let me see) three years and more,  
(October next it will be four,)

Since Harley bid me first attend,

85

And chose me for an humble friend ;

Would take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that :

As, “ What’s o’clock ?” and, “ How’s the wind ?”

“ Whose chariot’s that we left behind ?”

90

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs ;

Or, “ Have you nothing new to-day,

“ From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?”

Such tattle often entertains

95

My Lord and me as far as Staines,

As once a week we travel down

To Windsor, and again to Town,

Where all that passes *inter nos*,

Might be proclaim’d at Charing-cross.

100

Yet some I know with envy swell,

Because they see me us’d so well.

Imprimat his cura Mæcenæ signa tabellis.

Dixeris, Experiar : Si vis, potes, addit ; et instat.

Septimus actavo proprior jam fugerit annus,

Ex quo Mæcenæ me cœpit habere suorum

In numero ; duntaxat ad hoc, quam tollere rheda

Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugæ

Hoc genus : Hora quota est ? Thrax est Gallina Syropar ?

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent ;

Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.

Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam

Invidiæ. Noster ludos spectaverat una,

Luserat in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.

Frigidus a rostris manat per compita rumor ;

Quicumque obvius est, me consulit : O bone, (nam te



“ How think you of our friend the Dean ?

“ I wonder what some people mean :

“ My Lord and he are grown so great,

105

“ Always together *tête à tête*.

“ What ! they admire him for his jokes---

“ See but the fortune of some folks !”

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at Court ;

110

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

“ You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great ;

“ Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat ?

“ Or do the prints and papers lie ?”

115

“ Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.”

“ Ah ! Doctor, how you love to jest ;

“ 'Tis now no secret.” “ I protest

“ 'Tis one to me.”--“ Then tell us, pray ?”

“ When are the troops to have their pay ?”

120

And tho' I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,

125

My choicest hours of life are lost,

Yet always wishing to retreat :

Oh, could I see my country-seat !

There leaning near a gentle brook,

Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,

130

Scire, Deos quoniam proprius contingis, oportet)

Num quid de Dacis audisti ? Nil equidem. Ut tu

Semper eris derisor ? At omnes Dī exagitent me,

Si quidquam. Quid ? militibus promissa triquetra

Prædia Cæsar, an est Itala tellure daturus ?

Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum

Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.

Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis :

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam ? quandoque licebit,

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,

Ducero sollicitæ jucunda obliviam vitæ ?

O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque



And there in sweet oblivion drown  
Those cares that haunt the Court and Town.

O charming noon ! and nights divine !

Or when I sup, or when I dine,

My friends above, my folks below,

135

Chatting and laughing all-a-row,

The beans and beacon set before 'em,

The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum ;

Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,

And ev'n the very dogs at ease !

140

Here no man prates of idle things,

How this or that Italian sings,

A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,

Or what's in either of the Houses ;

But something much more our concern,

145

And quite a scandal not to learn ;

Which is the happier or the wiser,

A man of merit or miser ?

Whether we ought to chuse our friends

For their own worth or our own ends ?

150

What good, or better, we may call,

And what the very best of all ?

Our friend, Dan Prior, told (you know)

A tale extremely *à-propos* :

Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo ?

O noctes, coenæque Deum ! quibus ipse, meique

Ante Larem proprium vescor ; vernalque procaces

Pasco libatis dapibus. prout cuique libido est,

Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus

Legibus insanis : seu quis capit acria fortis

Pocula ; seu modicis uvescit lætius. ergo

Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,

Nec male necne lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos

Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus : utrumne

Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati :

Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos :

Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles

Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arellî

Solicitas ignarus opes ; sic incipit : olim



Name a Town life, and in a trice

155

He had a story of two Mice.

Once on a time (so runs the fable)

A country mouse, right hospitable,

Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,

Just as a farmer might a lord.

160

A frugal mouse upon the whole,

Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;

Knew what was handsome, and would do't,

On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.

He brought him bacon, (nothing lean;)

165

Pudding that might have pleas'd a Dean;

Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,

But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;

Yet to his guest, tho' no way sparing,

He ate himself the rind and paring.

170

Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,

But show'd his breeding and his wit;

He did his best to seem to eat,

And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat:

"But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene!

175

"For God's sake come and live with men:

"Consider mice, like men, must die,

"Both small and great, both you and I;

"Then spend your life in joy and sport:

"(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)"

180

Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur

Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;

Asper, et attentus quæsit; ut tamen arctum

Solveret hospitiiis animum. quid multa? neque illi

Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ;

Aridum et cre ferens acinum, semesaque lardi

Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cœna

Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:

Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna

Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.

Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,

Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?

Vin' tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis?

Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando



The veriest hermit in the nation  
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.  
Away they came, thro' thick and thin,  
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn:  
( 'Twas on the night of a debate,  
When all their Lordships had fat late.)

185

Behold the place where if a poet  
Shin'd in description he might show it;  
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,  
And tips with silver all the walls;  
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:  
But let it (in a word) be said,  
The moon was up, and men a-bed;  
The napkins white, the carpet red:  
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,  
And down the mice fat *tête-à-tête*.

190

195

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,  
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;  
Tells all their names, lays down the law,  
“ *Que ça est bon! Ah goûter ça!*  
“ That jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing;  
“ Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.”  
Was ever such a happy swain!  
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.

200

205

Mortales animas vivunt fortita, neque ulla est,  
Aut magno aut parvo, lethi fuga. quo, bone, circa,  
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:  
Vive memor, quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta  
Agrestem pepulere; domo levis exsilit: inde  
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes  
Mœnia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat  
Nox medium cœli spatium, cum ponit uterque  
In locuplète domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco  
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos,  
Multaque de magna superessent fercula cœna,  
Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesternæ canistris.  
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit  
Agrestem; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,



“ I’m quite aſham’d—’tis mighty rude

“ To eat ſo much—but all’s ſo good !

“ I have a thouſand thanks to give—

“ My Lord alone knows how to live.”

No ſooner ſaid, but from the hall

210

Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs, and all :

“ A rat, a rat ! clap to the door”—

The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer’s mice,

Or gods to ſave them in a trice !

215

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn’d ſtucco has no chink.)

“ An’t pleaſe your Honour,” quoth the peaſant,

“ This ſame deſert is not ſo pleaſant :

“ Give me again my holly tree,

“ A cruſt of bread and liberty !

221

Continuatque dapes ; necnon vernaliter ipſis  
Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.

Ille cubans gaudet mutata forte, boniſque

Rebus agit lætum convivam : cum ſubito ingens

Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.

Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magiſque

Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domos alta Moloffis

Perſonuit canibus. tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita

Eſt opus hac, ait ; et valeas ; me ſylva, cavuſque

Tutus ab infidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.





# HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

## IMITATED.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,  
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!  
 Why<sup>1</sup> will you break the sabbath of my days?  
 Now sick alike of envy and of praise.  
 Public too long, ah! let me hide my age; 5  
 See modest<sup>2</sup> Cibber now has left the stage:  
 Our generals now, <sup>3</sup> retir'd to their estates,  
 Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,  
 In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,  
 Nor <sup>4</sup> fond of bleeding ev'n in Brunswick's cause. 10  
 A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,  
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)  
 " Friend Pope! be prudent; let your <sup>6</sup> Muse take  
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death; [breath,  
 " Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force, 15  
 " You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."  
 Farewell then <sup>7</sup> verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,  
 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;  
 What <sup>8</sup> right, what true, what fit, we justly call,  
 Let this be all my care—for this is all: 20  
 To lay this <sup>9</sup> harvest up, and hoard with haste  
 What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.

## HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summo dicende camena  
<sup>1</sup> Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,  
 Mæcenâs, iterum antique me includere ludo.  
 Non eadem est ætas, non mens. <sup>2</sup> Vejanius, armis  
<sup>3</sup> Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro,  
 Ne populum <sup>4</sup> extrema toties exoret arena.  
<sup>5</sup> Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;  
 Solve <sup>6</sup> senescentem mature, ianua equum, ne  
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.  
 Nunc itaque et <sup>7</sup> versus et cætera ludicra pono;  
 Quid <sup>8</sup> verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in  
 hoc sum:  
<sup>9</sup> Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.



But ask not to what <sup>1</sup> doctors I apply?  
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:  
 As drives the <sup>2</sup> storm, at any door I knock, 25  
 And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.  
 Sometimes a <sup>3</sup> patriot, active in debate,  
 Mix with the world, and battle for the state;  
 Free as young Lyttleton her cause pursue,  
 Still true to virtue, <sup>4</sup> and as warm as true: 30  
 Sometimes with Aristippus or St. Paul,  
 Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;  
 Back to my <sup>5</sup> native moderation slide,  
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

<sup>6</sup> Long as to him who works for debt the day, 35  
 Long as the night to her whose love's away,  
 Long as the year's dull circle seems to run  
 When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;  
 So slow <sup>7</sup> th' unprofitable moments roll;  
 That lock up all the functions of my soul; 40  
 That keep me from myself, and still delay  
 Life's instant bus'ness to a future day;  
 That <sup>8</sup> task which, as we follow or despise,  
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;  
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45  
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.

---

Ac ne forte roges, <sup>1</sup> quo me duce, quo lare tuter:  
 Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,  
<sup>2</sup> Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.  
 Nunc agilis fio, et merfor <sup>3</sup> civilibus undis,  
 Virtutis veræ custos, <sup>4</sup> rigidusque fatelles;  
 Nunc in \* Aristippi <sup>5</sup> furtim præcepta relabor,  
 Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.  
<sup>6</sup> Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica, diesque  
 Longa videtur opus debentibus; ut piger annus  
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:  
 Sic mihi tarda <sup>7</sup> fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem  
 Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter <sup>8</sup> id, quod  
 Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,  
 Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

\* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. P.



1 Late as it is, I put myself to school,  
 And feel some 2 comfort not to be a fool.  
 3 Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,  
 Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite, 50  
 I'll do what Mead and Chefelden advise,  
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.  
 Not to 4 go back is somewhat to advance,  
 And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy 5 blood rebel, thy bosom move 55  
 With wretch'd av'rice, or as wretched love?  
 Know there are woods and spells which can controul,  
 6 Between the fits, this fever of the soul;  
 Know there are rhymes which, 7 fresh and fresh apply'd,  
 Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60  
 Be 8 furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,  
 9 Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,  
 A Switz, a High-Dutch or a Low-Dutch 10 bear;  
 All that we ask is but a patient ear.

11 'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor, 65  
 And the first wisdom to be fool no more;  
 But to the world no 12 bugbear is so great  
 As want of figure and a small estate.

1 Restat, ut his ego me ipse regem 2 solerqueelementis:  
 3 Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;  
 Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:  
 Nec, quia desperes in victi membra Glyconis,  
 Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.  
 Est quodam prodire 4 tenus, si non datur ultra.  
 5 Fervet avarita, miseroque cupidine pectus?  
 Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem  
 Possis, et 6 magnam morbi deponere partem.  
 Laudis amore tumes? sunt 7 certa piacula, quæ te  
 Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.  
 8 Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, 9 amator;  
 Nemo 10 adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,  
 Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

11 Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,  
 Stultitia caruisse. vides; quæ 12 maxima credis



To either India see the merchant fly,  
 Scar'd at the Spectre of pale Poverty! 70  
 See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,  
 Burn thro' the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!  
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,  
 Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend?  
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75  
 And <sup>1</sup> ease thy heart of all that it admires?  
<sup>2</sup> Here Wisdom calls, <sup>3</sup> "Seek Virtue first, be bold!  
 "As gold to Silver virtue is to gold."  
 There London's voice, <sup>4</sup> "Get money, money still!  
 "and then let Virtue follow if she will." 80  
 This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,  
 From <sup>5</sup> low St. James's up to high St. Paul;  
 From him whose <sup>6</sup> quills stand quiver'd at his ear,  
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in <sup>7</sup> spirit, sense, and truth, abounds; 85  
 "Pray then what wants he?" Fourscore thousand  
 A pension, or such harness for a slave [pounds;  
 As Bug now has, and Dorimont would have.  
 Barnard, thou art a <sup>8</sup> Cit, with all thy worth;  
 But Bug and D\*1, Their Honours! and so forth.

---

Esse mala, exiguum, census, turpemque repulsam,  
 Quanto devites animi capitisque labore,  
 Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,  
 Per <sup>1</sup> mare pauperim fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:  
 Ne cures <sup>2</sup> ea, quæ stulte miraris et optas,  
 Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?  
 Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax  
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,  
 Cui sit conditio dulci sine pulvere palmæ?

"<sup>3</sup> Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.  
 "<sup>4</sup> O cives, cives! quærenda pecunia primum est;  
 "Virtus post nummos:" hæc <sup>5</sup> Janus summus ab imo  
 Perdocet; hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,  
<sup>6</sup> Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.  
 Si quadrigentis sex septem millia defunt;  
 Est <sup>7</sup> animus tibi, sunt mores, et lingua, fidesque:  
<sup>8</sup> Plebs eris. at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,



Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,  
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."  
 True conscious honour is to feel no sin;  
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within:  
 Be this thy <sup>1</sup> screen, and this thy wall of brass; 95  
 Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.  
<sup>2</sup> And say, to which shall our applause belong,  
 This new court-jargon, or the good old song?  
 The modern language of corrupted peers,  
 Or what was spoke at <sup>3</sup> Cressy or Poitiers? 100  
<sup>4</sup> Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,  
 "With praise or infamy leave that to Fate;  
 "Get place and wealth, if possible with grace;  
 "If not, by any means get wealth and place."  
 For what? to have a <sup>5</sup> box where eunuchs sing, 105  
 And foremost in the circle eye a king.  
 Or <sup>6</sup> he who bids thee face with steady view  
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro',  
 And <sup>7</sup> while he bids thee sets th' example too? }  
 If <sup>8</sup> such a doctrine, in St. James's air, 110  
 Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;  
 If honest S\*\*z take scandal at a spark  
 That less admires the <sup>9</sup> Palace than the Park;  
 Faith I shall give the answer <sup>10</sup> Reynard gave;  
 "I cannot like, dread Sir! your royal cave; 115

Si recte facies. hic <sup>1</sup> murus alieneus esto,  
 Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

<sup>2</sup> Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum  
 Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,  
 Et maribus <sup>3</sup> Curiis, et decantata Camillis?

<sup>4</sup> Isne tibi melius suadet, qui "Rem facias, rem,  
 "Si possis recte; si non, quocunque modo rem;"

Ut <sup>5</sup> propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Puppî:

An <sup>6</sup> qui fortunæ te respondere superbæ  
 Liberum et erectum <sup>7</sup> præsens hortatur, et aptat?

<sup>8</sup> Quod si me populus Romanus forte roget, cur  
 Non, ut <sup>9</sup> porticibus, sic judiciis fruar iisdem,  
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit;  
 Olim quod <sup>10</sup> vulpes ægroto cauta leoni



“ Because I see, by all the tracts about,  
 “ Full many a beast goes in, but none come out.”  
 Adieu to Virtue if you're once a slave:  
 Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120  
 The <sup>1</sup> people are a many headed beast:  
 Can they direct what measures to pursue  
 Who know themselves so little what to do?  
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,  
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125  
 Their <sup>2</sup> country's wealth our mightier misers drain,  
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main:  
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;  
 Some keep the assemblies, and would keep the stews;  
 Some <sup>3</sup> with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn; 130  
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;  
 While with the silent growth of *ten per cent.*  
 In dirt and darkness <sup>4</sup> hundreds stink content.  
 Of all these ways, if each <sup>5</sup> pursues his own,  
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone; 135  
 But shew me one who has it in his pow'r  
 To act consistent with himself an hour.  
 Sir Job <sup>6</sup> fail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,  
 “ No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!”  
 7 Up starts a palace; lo, th' obedient base 140  
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,  
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face. }

---

Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent,  
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

<sup>1</sup> Bellua multorum est caput. nam quid sequar, aut  
 quem?

Pars hominum gestit <sup>2</sup> conducere publica: sunt qui

<sup>3</sup> Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,  
 Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:

<sup>4</sup> Multis occulto crescit res fœnore. <sup>5</sup> verum  
 Esto aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:

Iidem eadem possunt horum durare probantes?

<sup>6</sup> Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis,  
 Si dixit dives; <sup>7</sup> lacus et mare sentit amorem



Now let some whimsy, or that <sup>1</sup> devil within  
 Which guides all those who know not what they }  
 But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen, [mean, }  
 “ Away, away! take all your scaffolds down, 146  
 “ For Snug’s the word: my dear! we’ll live in  
 “ Town.”

At am’rous Flavio is the <sup>2</sup> stocking thrown?  
 That very night he longs to lie alone.  
<sup>3</sup> The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,  
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151  
 Did ever <sup>4</sup> Proteus, Merlin, any witch,  
 Transform themselves so strangely as the rich? }  
 Well, but the <sup>5</sup> poor—the poor have the same itch: }  
 They change their <sup>6</sup> weekly barber, weekly news,  
 Prefer a new japanner to their shoes, 156  
 Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run  
 (They know not whither) in a chaise and one;  
 They <sup>7</sup> hire their sculler, and when once aboard  
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord. 160  
<sup>8</sup> You laugh half-beau, half sloven, if I stand,  
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;  
 You laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,  
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!  
 But when <sup>9</sup> no prelate’s lawn, with hair-shirt lin’d,  
 Is half so incoherent as my mind, 166

---

Festinantis heri: cui si <sup>1</sup> vitiosa libido  
 Fecerit auspiciū; cras ferramenta Teanum  
 Tolletis fabri. <sup>2</sup> lectus genealis in aula est?  
 Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:  
<sup>3</sup> Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.  
<sup>4</sup> Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?  
 Quid <sup>5</sup> pauper? ride: mutat <sup>6</sup> cœnacula lectos,  
 Balnea, tonfores; <sup>7</sup> conducto navigio æque  
 Nauseat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.  
<sup>8</sup> Si curtatus inæquali tonsore capillos  
 Occurri; rides: si forte subucula pexæ  
 Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga dissidet impar;  
 Rides: quid, <sup>9</sup> mea cum pugnat sententia secum?  
 Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;



When (each opinion with the next at strife,  
 One <sup>1</sup> ebb and flow of follies all my life)  
 I <sup>2</sup> plant, root up; I build, and then confound;  
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;  
<sup>3</sup> You never change one muscle of your face, 171  
 You think this madness but a common case,  
 Nor <sup>4</sup> once to chanc'ry nor to Hale apply,  
 Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!  
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175  
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.  
 Is this my <sup>5</sup> guide, philosopher, and friend?  
 This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?  
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)

That man divine whom Wisdom calls her own, 180  
 Great without title, without fortune blest'd;  
 Rich <sup>6</sup> even' when plunder'd, honour'd while op-  
 press'd;  
 Lov'd <sup>7</sup> without youth, and follow'd without pow'r:  
 At home tho' exil'd; <sup>8</sup> free tho' in the Tow'r:  
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing, 185  
 Just <sup>9</sup> less than Jove, and <sup>10</sup> much above a king:  
 Nay, half in heav'n—<sup>11</sup> except (what's mighty odd)  
 A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god. 188

<sup>1</sup> *Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto?*

<sup>2</sup> *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?*

<sup>3</sup> *Infanire putas solennia me, neque rides,*

*Nec <sup>4</sup> medici credis, nec curatoris egere*

*A prætore dati; rerum <sup>5</sup> tutela mearum*

*Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem*

*De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.*

*Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, <sup>6</sup> dives,*

*<sup>7</sup> Liber, <sup>8</sup> honoratus, <sup>9</sup> pulcher, <sup>10</sup> rex denique regum;*

*Præcipue sanus, <sup>11</sup> nisi cum pituita molesta est.*



# HORACE BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

## IMITATED.

TO MR. MURRAY.

“NOT to admire is all the art I know  
 “To make men happy and to keep them so.”  
 (Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of  
 speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

<sup>1</sup> This vault of air, this congregated ball, 5  
 Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,  
 There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes  
 Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies;  
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,  
 And view <sup>2</sup> this dreadful All without a fear. 10

Admire we then what <sup>3</sup> earth's low entrails hold, }  
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;  
 All the mad trade of <sup>4</sup> fools and slaves for gold? }  
 Or <sup>5</sup> popularity? or stars and strings?  
 The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings? 15  
 Say with what <sup>6</sup> eyes we ought at courts to gaze,  
 And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the <sup>7</sup> pleasure that from these can spring,  
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing:  
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20  
 In either case believe me we admire:

## HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. VI.

**N**IL admirari, prope res una, Numici,  
 Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.  
<sup>1</sup> Hunc solem, et stellas, et decendentia certis  
 Tempora momentis, sunt qui <sup>2</sup> formidine nullâ  
 Imbuti spectent. <sup>3</sup> quid censes munera terræ?  
 Quid maris, extremos Arabas <sup>4</sup> ditantis et Indos?  
 Ludicra quid, <sup>5</sup> plausus, et amici dona Quiritis,  
 Quo spectanta modo, <sup>6</sup> quo sensu credis, et ore?  
<sup>7</sup> Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem  
 Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:  
 Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:



Whether we <sup>1</sup> joy or grieve, the same the curse,  
 Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.  
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray  
 Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away ; 25  
 For <sup>2</sup> virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;  
 The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

<sup>3</sup> Go then, and if you can, admire the state  
 Of beaming di'monds and reflected plate ;  
 Procure a taste to double the surprise, 30  
 And gaze on <sup>4</sup> Parian charms with learned eyes ;  
 Be struck with bright <sup>5</sup> brocade or Tyrian dye,  
 Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.  
 If not so pleas'd, at <sup>6</sup> council-board rejoice  
 To see their judgments hang upon thy voice ; 32  
 From <sup>7</sup> morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,  
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.  
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife ?  
 For <sup>8</sup> fame, for riches, for a nobler wife ?  
 Shall <sup>9</sup> one whom Nature, learning, birth, conspir'd  
 To form not to admire, but be admir'd, 41  
 Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,  
 Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth ?  
 Yet <sup>10</sup> time ennobles or degrades each line ;  
 It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine. 45  
 And what is fame ? the meanest have their day ;  
 The greatest can but blaze and pass away.

<sup>1</sup> Gaudeat, an doleat ; cupiat, metuatne, quid ad rem ;  
 Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse suâ spe,  
 Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet ?

<sup>2</sup> Infani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui ;  
 Ultra, quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

<sup>3</sup> I nunc, argentum, et marmor vetus, æraque et artes

<sup>4</sup> Suspice : cum gemmis <sup>5</sup> Tyrios mirare colores :

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te <sup>6</sup> mille loquentem :

Gnavus <sup>7</sup> mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum,

<sup>8</sup> Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Mucius : (indignum, quod sit pejoribus ortus)

<sup>9</sup> Hic tibi sic potus, quam tu mirabilis illi.

<sup>10</sup> Quidquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet ætas ;



Grac'd as thou art <sup>1</sup> with all the pow'r of words,  
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords :  
Conspicuous scene ! another yet is nigh,

50

(More silent far) where kings and poets lie ;  
<sup>2</sup> Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)  
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde !

<sup>3</sup> Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,  
Will any mortal let himself alone ?

55

See Ward, by batter'd beaus invited over,  
And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.

The case is easier in the mind's disease ;  
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.

Would ye be <sup>4</sup>blest'd ? despise low joys, low gains ;  
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains ;

61

Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

<sup>5</sup> But art thou one whom new opinions sway,  
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,

Who virtue and a church alike disowns,

65

Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones ?

Fly <sup>6</sup> then on all the wings of wild desire,

Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.

Is wealth thy passion ? hence ! from pole to pole,

Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll ;

For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,

Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold :

<sup>7</sup> Advance the golden mountain to the skies :

On the broad base of fifty thousand rise ;

---

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. <sup>1</sup> cum bene notum

Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appi ;

Ire tamen restat Numa <sup>2</sup> quo devenit et Ancus.

<sup>3</sup> Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Quære fugam morbi. <sup>4</sup> vis recte vivere ? quis non ?

Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis

Hoc age deliciis.

<sup>5</sup> virtutem verba putas, ut

Lucum ligna ? <sup>6</sup> cave ne portus occupet alter,

Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas :

<sup>7</sup> Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera ; porro



Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75  
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square:  
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score  
 Will gain a <sup>1</sup> wife with half as many more,  
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,  
 And then such <sup>2</sup> friends—as cannot fail to last. 80  
 A <sup>3</sup> man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;  
 Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.  
 (Believe me many a <sup>4</sup> German prince is worse,  
 Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse.)  
 His wealth <sup>5</sup> brave Timon gloriously confounds; 85  
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds:  
 Or if three ladies like a luckless play,  
 Takes the whole House upon the poet's day.  
<sup>6</sup> Now, in such exigencies not to need,  
 Upon my word you must be rich indeed: 90  
 A noble superfluity it craves,  
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;  
 Something which for your honour they may cheat,  
 And which it much becomes you to forget.  
<sup>7</sup> If wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95  
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.  
<sup>8</sup> But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,  
 If in the pomp of life consists the joy,

---

Tertia succedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.  
 Scilicet <sup>1</sup> uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et <sup>2</sup> amicos,  
 Et genus, et formam, regina <sup>3</sup> pecunia donat;  
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.  
 Mancipiis locuples, egit æris <sup>4</sup> Cappadocum rex:  
 Ne fueris hic tu. <sup>5</sup> chlamydes Lucullus, at aiunt,  
 Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus,  
 Quî possum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot habe.  
 Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque [bo,  
 Esse domi chlamydum; partem, vel tolleret omnes.

<sup>6</sup> Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,  
 Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus. <sup>7</sup> ergo  
 Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum;  
 Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

<sup>8</sup> Si fortunatum species, et gratia præstat;



Then <sup>1</sup> hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,  
 To do the honours, and to give the word; 100  
 Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,  
 To whom <sup>2</sup> to nod, whom take into your coach,  
 Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,  
 Who <sup>3</sup> rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:  
 "This may be troublesome, is near the chair; 105  
 "That makes three members, this can chuse a may'r."  
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,  
 Adopt him <sup>4</sup> son, or cousin at the least,  
 Then turn about, and <sup>5</sup> laugh at your own jest. }

Or if your life be one continu'd treat, 110  
 If <sup>6</sup> to live well means nothing but to eat;  
 Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,  
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;  
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—  
 So <sup>7</sup> Ruffel did, but could not eat at night; 115  
 Call'd happy dog the beggar at his door,  
 And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.  
 Or shall we <sup>8</sup> ev'ry decency confound,  
 Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios, take our round?  
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo 120  
<sup>9</sup> K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,  
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,  
 Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;

---

<sup>1</sup> Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, lævum  
 Qui fodiat latus, et <sup>2</sup> cogat trans pondera dextram  
 Porrigere. <sup>3</sup> Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:  
 Cuilibet hic fasces dabit; eripietque curule,  
 Cui volet, importunus ebur. <sup>4</sup> frater, pater, adde:  
 Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque <sup>5</sup> facetus adopta.  
 Si <sup>6</sup> bene qui cœnat, bene vivit: lucet; eamus,  
 Quo ducet gula; piscemur, venemur: (ut <sup>7</sup> olim  
 Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,  
 Differtum transire forum, populumque jubebat:  
 Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret  
 Emptum mulus aprum.) <sup>8</sup> crudi tumidique lavemur.  
 Quid deceat quid, non, obliti; Cærite cera  
 Digni; <sup>9</sup> remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;



Or for a title punk or foreign flame

Renounce our <sup>1</sup> country, and degrade our name ?

If, after all, we must with <sup>2</sup> Wilmot own

126

The cordial drop of life is love alone,

And Swift cry wisely *Vive la bagatelle !*

The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.

<sup>3</sup> Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,

130

E'en take the counsel which I gave you first ;

Or better precepts if you can impart ;

Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

133

Cui potior <sup>1</sup> patria fuit interdicta voluptas.

<sup>2</sup> Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque

Nil est jucundum ; vivas in amore jocisque.

<sup>3</sup> Vive ; vale. si quid novisti rectius istis ;

Candidus imperti : si non, his utere mecum.





# HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

[Imitated in the Manner of Dr. Swift.]

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word  
 I would be with you June the third;  
 Chang'd it to August, and (in short)  
 Have kept it—as you do at court.  
 You humour me when I am sick,  
 Why not when I am splenetic?  
 In Town what objects could I meet?  
 The shops shut up in ev'ry street,  
 And fun'ral black'ning all the doors,  
 And yet more melancholy whores:  
 And what a dust in ev'ry place!  
 And a thin Court that wants your face,  
 And fevers raging up and down,  
 And W\* and H\*\* both in Town!  
 “The dog-days are no more the case.”  
 'Tis true, but winter comes apace:  
 Then southward let your bard retire,  
 Hold out some months 'twixt fun and fire,  
 And you shall see the first warm weather  
 Me and the butterflies together.  
 My Lord, your favours well I know;  
 'Tis with distinction you bestow,

---

## HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,  
 Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,  
 Si me vivere vis sanum reſeque valentem;  
 Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timentem,  
 Mæcenâs, veniam; dum ficus prima calorque  
 Designatorem decorat liſtoribus atris:  
 Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet:  
 Officioſaque ſedulitas, et opella forenſis  
 Adducit febres, et teſtamenta reſignat.  
 Quod ſi bruma nives albanis illinet agris;  
 Ad mare deſcendet vates tuus, et ſibi parceret,  
 Contractuſque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviſet  
 Cum zephyris, ſi concedes, et hirundine prima.



And not to ev'ry one that comes,  
 Just as a Scotchman does his plums.  
 "Pray take them, Sir—enough's a feast :  
 "Eat some, and pocket up the rest"—  
 What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!  
 "No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."  
 Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,  
 Contriving never to oblige ye.  
 Scatter your favours on a fop,  
 Ingratitude's the certain crop;  
 And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,  
 You give the things you never care for.  
 A wise man always is or shou'd  
 Be mighty ready to do good;  
 But makes a diff'rence in his thought  
 Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say, You'll find in me  
 A safe companion, and a free;  
 But if you'd have me always near—  
 A word, pray, in your Honour's ear:  
 I hope it is your resolution  
 To give me back my constitution!  
 The sprightly wit, the lively eye,  
 Th' engaging smile, the gaiety

---

Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,  
 Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere fodes.  
 Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.  
 Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.  
 Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.  
 Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.  
 Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit:  
 Hæc seges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.  
 Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratum;  
 Nec tamen ignorat quid distent æra lupinis.  
 Dignum præstabo me etiam pro laude merentis.  
 Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes  
 Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:  
 Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et  
 Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.



That laugh'd down many a summer fun,  
And kept you up so oft' till one,  
And all that voluntary vein,  
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

50

A weasel once made shift to flink  
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink,  
But having amply stuff'd his skin,  
Could not get out as he got in ;  
Which one belonging to the house  
( 'Twas not a man, it was a Mouse)  
Observing, cry'd, " You 'scape not so :  
" Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

55

Sir, you may spare your application,  
I'm no such beast, nor his relation,  
Nor one that temperance advance,  
Cramm'd to throat with ortolans ;  
Extremely ready to resign

60

All that may make me none of mine.  
South-sea subscriptions take who please,  
Leave me but liberty and ease.

65

'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,  
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.  
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me,)  
My bread and independency!

70

So bought an annual rent or two,  
And liv'd—just as you see I do ;  
Near fifty, and without a wife,  
I trust that sinking fund my life.

Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam  
Repserat in cumeram frumenti ; pastaque, rursus  
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.  
Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc,  
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subîsti  
Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno ;  
Nec somnum plebis laudo sator altilium, nec  
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.  
Sæpe verecundum laudasti : Rexque, Paterque  
Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens.  
Inspice si possum donata reponere lætus.

\* \* \* \* \*



Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,  
Shrink back to my paternal cell,  
A little house with trees a-row,  
And, like its master, very low;  
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,  
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

75

80

To set this matter full before ye,  
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.

“Harley, the nation's great support”—  
But you may read it, I stop short.

84

\* \* \* \* \*

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,  
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellè Tarentum.

Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis  
Clarus, &c.





# HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. I.

IMITATED.

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## Advertisement.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire: but to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of Poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolescere, &c.* the other, that this Piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries; first, against the taste of the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and, lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that Satire and Comedy were become



come more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that Poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great Prince, by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.—P.





# HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. I.

IMITATED.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of mankind! <sup>1</sup> sustain  
The balanc'd world, and open all the main,  
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,  
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;  
<sup>2</sup> How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal 5  
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?  
<sup>3</sup> Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,  
And virtuous Alfred, a more <sup>4</sup> sacred name,  
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,  
The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd, 10  
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,  
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd,  
<sup>5</sup> Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find  
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!  
All human virtue, to its latest breath, 15  
<sup>6</sup> Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.  
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,  
Had still this monster to subdue at last:  
<sup>7</sup> Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray  
Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20

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## HOR. LIB. II. EPIST. I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot <sup>1</sup> sustineas et tanta negotia solus,  
Res Italas armis tuteris moribus ornes,  
Legibus emendes; in <sup>2</sup> publica commoda peccem,  
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.  
<sup>3</sup> Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,  
Post ingentia facta, <sup>4</sup> Deorum in templa recepti,  
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella  
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;  
<sup>5</sup> Ploravere suis non respondere laborem  
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit hydram,  
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,  
Comperit <sup>6</sup> invidiam supremo sine domari.  
<sup>7</sup> Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes



Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat ;  
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,  
The harvest early, <sup>1</sup> but mature the praise :  
Great friend of liberty ! in kings a name  
Above all Greek, above all Roman, fame\* ;  
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd  
<sup>2</sup>As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.  
Wonder of kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes,  
<sup>3</sup>None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

25

30

Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd  
Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest ;  
Foes to all living worth except your own,  
And advocates for folly dead and gone.  
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ;  
It is the rust we value, not the gold.  
<sup>4</sup>Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,  
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.  
One likes no language but the Faery Queen ;  
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green ;  
And each true Briton is to Ben. so civil,  
<sup>5</sup>He swears the Muses met him at The Devil.  
Tho' justly <sup>6</sup>Greece her eldest sons admires,  
Why should not we be wiser than our fires ?

40

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*Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.*

<sup>1</sup>*Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores,*  
<sup>2</sup>*Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,*  
<sup>3</sup>*Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.*  
*Sed tuus hic populus, sapiens et justus in uno.*  
*Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque*  
*Æstimat ; et, nisi quæ terris semota, suisque*  
*Temporibus defuncta vedet, fastidit et odit ;*  
<sup>4</sup>*Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes.*  
*Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,*  
*Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,*  
*Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,*  
<sup>5</sup>*Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.*

Si, quia <sup>6</sup>*Græcorum sunt antiquissima quæque.*  
*Scripta, vel optima ; Romani pensantur eadem*

\* *Te nostris ducibus, te Græcis anteferendo.*



In ev'ry public virtue we excel; 45  
We build, we paint, <sup>1</sup> we sing, we dance, as well;  
And <sup>2</sup> learned Athens to our art must stoop,  
Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If <sup>3</sup> time improve our wits as well as wine,  
Say at what age a poet grows divine? 50  
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so  
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?  
End all dispute; and fix the year precise  
When British Bards began t' immortalize?

“ Who lasts a <sup>4</sup> century can have no flaw; 55  
“ I hold that wit a classic good in law.”

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?  
And shall we deem him <sup>5</sup> ancient, right, and sound,  
Or damn to all eternity at once  
At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce? 60

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two;  
“ By <sup>6</sup> courtesy of England he may do.”

Then by the rule that made the <sup>7</sup> horse-tail bare,  
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,  
And melt <sup>8</sup> down Ancients like a heap of snow, 65  
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,

Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:  
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.  
Venimus ad summum fortunæ: pingimus atque  
<sup>1</sup> Psallimus, et <sup>2</sup> luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.  
Si <sup>3</sup> meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;  
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.  
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter  
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter  
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.  
Est vetus atque probus <sup>4</sup> centum qui perficit annos.  
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno;  
Inter quos referendus erit? <sup>5</sup> veteresne poetas,  
An quos et præsens et postera respuet ætas?  
Iste quidem veteres enter ponetur <sup>6</sup> honeste,  
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.  
Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut <sup>7</sup> equinæ,  
Paulatim vello, et demo unum, demo etiam unum:  
Dum cadat elusus ratione <sup>8</sup> ruentis æcervi,



And estimating authors by the year,  
Bestow a garland only on a <sup>1</sup> bier.

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare (whom you and ev'ry play-house bill  
Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will) 70  
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,  
And grew immortal in his own despatch.

Ben. old and poor, as little seem'd to heed

<sup>3</sup> The life to come in ev'ry poet's creed.

Who now reads <sup>4</sup> Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:

Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art;

But still <sup>5</sup> I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, <sup>6</sup> surely these were famous men!

“ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben.? 80

“ In all <sup>7</sup> debates where critics bear a part,

“ Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,

“ Of Shakespeare's nature and of Cowley's wit;

“ How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher

“ How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow; [writ;

“ But for the passion, Southern, sure, and Rowe! 86

“ These, <sup>8</sup> only these, support the crowded stage,

“ From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.”

All this may be; <sup>9</sup> the people's voice is odd;

It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

Qui redit ad fastos, et virtutem æstimat annis,  
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod <sup>1</sup> Libitina sacravit.

<sup>2</sup> Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,  
Ut critici dicunt, leviter, curare videtur,

Quo <sup>3</sup> promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.

<sup>4</sup> Nævius in manibus non est, et <sup>5</sup> mentibus hæret

Pene recens: <sup>6</sup> adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

Ambigitur <sup>7</sup> quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert

Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:

Dicitur Afranâ toga convenisse Menandro;

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;

Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro

Spectat Roma potens; <sup>8</sup> habet hos numeratque poetas

Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab ævo,

<sup>9</sup> Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.



To <sup>1</sup> Gammer Gurton if it gives the bays,  
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,  
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule,  
 Why then, I say, the public is a fool.  
 But let them own that greater faults than we  
 They had, and greater virtues I'll agree. 95  
 Spenser himself affects the <sup>2</sup> obsolete,  
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on <sup>3</sup> Roman feet;  
 Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound,  
 Now, serpent-like, in <sup>4</sup> prose he sweeps the ground;  
 In quibbles angel and archangel join, 101  
 And God the Father turns a school-divine.  
<sup>5</sup> Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,  
 Like <sup>6</sup> flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook;  
 Or damn all Shakespeare, like the affected fool 105  
 At court, who hates whate'er he <sup>7</sup> read at school.  
 But for the wits of either Charles's days,  
 The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;  
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,  
 (Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er;) 110  
 One simile that <sup>8</sup> solitary shines  
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,  
 Or <sup>9</sup> lengthen'd thought, that gleams thro' many a  
 Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age. [page,  
<sup>10</sup> I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115  
 When works are censur'd not as bad, but new;

Si <sup>1</sup> veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,  
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:  
 Si quædam nimis <sup>2</sup> antique, si pleraque <sup>3</sup> dure  
 Dicere credit eos, <sup>4</sup> ignave multa fatetur;  
 Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.  
<sup>5</sup> Non equidem infector, dalendaque carmina Livî  
 Esse reor, memini quæ <sup>6</sup> plagosum <sup>7</sup> mihi parvo  
 Orbilium dare;

sed emendata videri,  
 Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:  
 Inter quæ <sup>8</sup> verbum emicuit si forte decorum, et  
 Si <sup>9</sup> versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;  
 Injuste totum ducit venditque poema.  
<sup>10</sup> Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse;



While if our elders break all Reason's laws,  
These fools demand not pardon but applause.

<sup>1</sup> On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,  
If I but ask if any weed can grow ; 120

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,  
Which <sup>2</sup> Betterton's grave action dignify'd,  
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,  
(Tho' but perhaps a muster-roll of names,) 125  
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,

And swear all shame is lost in George's age!  
You'd think <sup>3</sup> no fools disgrac'd the former reign,  
Did not some grave examples yet remain,  
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,  
And having once been wrong will be so still. 130

He who, to seem more deep than you or I,  
Extols old bards, <sup>4</sup> or Merlin's Prophecy,  
Mistake him not ; he envies, not admires ;  
And to debase the sons exalts the fires.

<sup>5</sup> Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135  
What then was new, what had been ancient now ?  
Or what remain'd so worthy to be read  
By learned critics of the mighty dead ?

Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nup̄r ;  
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci.

<sup>1</sup> Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ  
Fabula, si dubitem ; clament periisse pudorem  
Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,  
Quæ <sup>2</sup> gravis Æsopus, que doctus Roscius egit :  
Vel quia nil <sup>3</sup> rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt ;  
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ  
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Jam <sup>4</sup> falsiæ Numæ carmen qui laudat, et illud,  
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri :  
Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque sepultis,  
Nostra sed impugnât, nos nostraque lividus odit.

<sup>5</sup> Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset,  
Quam nobis ; quid nunc esset vetus ? aut quid haberet,  
Quod legeret terretque viritim publicus usus ?



<sup>1</sup> In days of ease, when now the weary sword  
Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd, 140  
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,  
"All by the king's example liv'd and lov'd."  
Then peers grew proud in <sup>2</sup> horsemanship t' excel,  
Newmarket's glory rose as Britons' fell;  
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France, 145  
And ev'ry flowry courtier writ romance.

Then <sup>3</sup> marble soften'd into life, grew warm,  
And yielding metal flow'd to human form;  
Lely on <sup>4</sup> animated canvas stole  
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul. 150

No wonder then, when all was love and sport,  
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court;  
On <sup>5</sup> each enervate string they taught the note  
To pant, or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.

But <sup>6</sup> Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155  
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.  
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;  
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;  
Now for prerogatives, and now for laws;  
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause. 160

<sup>7</sup> Time was a sober Englishman would knock  
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;  
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,  
And send his wife to church, his son to school.

<sup>1</sup> Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis  
Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier æqua;  
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit <sup>2</sup> equorum;  
<sup>3</sup> Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit;  
Suspendit <sup>4</sup> picta vultum mentemque tabella;  
Nunc <sup>5</sup> tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragoedis:  
<sup>6</sup> Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,  
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.  
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?  
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.

<sup>7</sup> Romæ dulce diu fuit et solenne, reclusa  
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,



To <sup>1</sup> worship like his fathers was his care ; 165  
 To teach their frugal virtues to his heir ;  
 To prove that luxury could never hold,  
 And place on good <sup>2</sup> security his gold.

Now times are chang'd, and one <sup>3</sup> poetic itch  
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich : 170  
 Sons, fires, and gandsires, all will wear the bays ;  
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays ;  
 To theatres and to rehearsals throng,  
 And all our grace at table is a song.

I, who so oft' renounce the Muses <sup>4</sup> lie, 175  
 Not—'self e'er tells more fibs than I.

When sick of Muse our follies we deplore,  
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more ;  
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,  
 And call for pen and ink to show our wit. 180

<sup>5</sup> He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop ;  
 Ward try'd on puppies and the poor his drop ;  
 Ev'n <sup>6</sup> Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,  
 Nor dare to practice till they've learn'd to dance.  
 Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile ? 185  
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world should smile :)  
 But <sup>7</sup> those who cannot write, and those who can,  
 All ryhme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, <sup>8</sup> reflect ; the mischief is not great :  
 These madmen never hurt the church or state : 190

Cautos <sup>1</sup> nominibus certis expendere nummos,

<sup>2</sup> Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ

Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

Mutavit mentem populus levis, <sup>3</sup> et calet uno

Scribendi studio : pueri patresque severi

Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.

Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

Invenior <sup>4</sup> Parthis mendacior, et prius orto

Sole, vigil calamum, et chartas, et scrinia posco.

<sup>5</sup> Navem agere ignarus navis timet : abrotonum ægro

Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare : quod medicorum est,

Promittunt <sup>6</sup> medici : tractant fabrilia fabri :

<sup>7</sup> Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

<sup>8</sup> Hic error tamen et levis hæc infania quantas,



Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,  
 And rarely <sup>1</sup>av'rice taints the tuneful mind.  
 Allow him but his <sup>2</sup>plaything of a pen,  
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:  
<sup>3</sup>Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind, 195  
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.  
 To <sup>4</sup>cheat a friend or ward he leaves to Peter;  
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,  
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;  
 And then—a perfect hermit in his <sup>5</sup>diet. 200

Of little use the man, you may suppose,  
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;  
 Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,  
 And (<sup>6</sup>tho' no soldier) useful to the state.  
<sup>7</sup>What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205  
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue?  
 What's long or short, each accent where to place?  
 And speak in public with some sort of grace?  
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,  
 Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210  
 Or virtue or religion turn to sport,  
 To please a lewd or unbelieving Court.  
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days  
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;  
 And in our own (excuse some courtly stains) 215  
 No whiter page than Addison remains:  
 He <sup>8</sup>from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,  
 And sets the passions on the side of truth,

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Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis <sup>1</sup>avarus [unum;  
 Non temere est animus: <sup>2</sup>versus amat, hoc studet  
 Detrimenda, <sup>3</sup>fugas fervorem, incendia ridet;  
 Non <sup>4</sup>fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam  
 Pupillo; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo<sup>5</sup>;  
 Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi.  
 Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,  
<sup>6</sup>Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;  
 Torquet <sup>7</sup>ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;  
 Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,  
 Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ;  
 Recte facta refert; <sup>8</sup>orientia tempera notis



Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,  
 And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220  
 Let Ireland tell how Wit upheld her cause,  
 Her trade supported, and supply'd her laws,  
 And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,  
 "The rights a Court attack'd—a Poet sav'd."  
 Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure 225  
 Stretch'd to <sup>1</sup>relieve the idiot and the poor,  
 Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,  
 And <sup>2</sup>stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.  
 Not but there are who merit other palms;  
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;  
 The <sup>3</sup>boys and girls whom charity maintains 231  
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:  
 How could Devotion touch the country pews  
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper Muse?  
 Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work, 235  
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down <sup>4</sup>Pope and Turk.  
 The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,  
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;  
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,  
 And <sup>5</sup>heav'n is won by violence of song. 240

<sup>6</sup> Our rural ancestors, with little blest,  
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,  
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain  
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:

Instruit exemplis: <sup>1</sup>inopem solatur et ægrum.  
 Castis cum <sup>2</sup>pueris ignara puella mariti  
 Disceret unde <sup>3</sup>preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?  
 Poscit opem chorus, et pressentia numina sentit;  
 Cœlestes implorat aquas docta prece blandus;  
 Avertit morbos, <sup>4</sup>metuenda pericula pellit;  
 Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.  
<sup>5</sup>Carminibus Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.

<sup>6</sup>Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,  
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo  
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,  
 Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,



The joy their wives, their sons and servants, share,  
 Ease of their toil and partners of their care: 246  
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,  
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:  
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,  
 And <sup>1</sup> taunts alternate innocently flew. 250  
 But times corrupt, and <sup>2</sup> nature ill-inclin'd,  
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;  
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,  
 Triumphant malice rag'd thro' private life.  
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255  
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.  
 At length by wholesome <sup>3</sup> dread of statutes bound,  
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:  
 Most warp'd to <sup>4</sup> Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,  
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice. 260  
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,  
 And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.  
<sup>5</sup> We conquer'd France, but left our captives' charms,  
 Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;  
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265  
 Wit grew polite, and <sup>6</sup> numbers learn'd to flow.

---

Tellurem porco, silvanum lacte piabant,  
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.  
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem  
<sup>1</sup> Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;  
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos  
 Ludit amabiliter: <sup>2</sup> donec jam sævus apertam  
 In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, et per honestas  
 Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento  
 Dente facessiti: luit intactis quoque cura  
 Conditione super communi: <sup>3</sup> quin etiam lex  
 Poenæque lata, malo que nollet carmine quemquam  
 Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis  
 Ad <sup>4</sup> bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.  
<sup>5</sup> Græcia capta, ferum victorem cepit, et artes  
 Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille  
 Defluxit <sup>6</sup> numerus Saturnius, et grave virus  
 Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum



Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join }  
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,  
 The long majestic march, and energy divine;  
 Tho' still some traces of our <sup>1</sup> rustic vein, 270  
 And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.  
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,  
 When the tir'd nation <sup>2</sup> breath'd from civil war.  
 Exact <sup>3</sup> Racine and Corneille's noble fire  
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275  
 Not but the <sup>4</sup> tragic spirit was our own,  
 And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway, shone;  
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,  
 And <sup>5</sup> fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.  
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280  
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.  
 Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire  
 The <sup>6</sup> humbler Muse of Comedy require.  
 But in known images of life I guess  
 The labour greater as the indulgence less. 285  
<sup>7</sup> Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed;  
 Tell me if <sup>8</sup> Congreve's fools are fools indeed?  
 What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!  
 Haw Van. wants grace, who never wanted wit!  
 The stage how <sup>9</sup> loosely does Astrea tread, 290  
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed!

---

Manserunt, hodieque manent, <sup>1</sup> vestigia ruris.  
 Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;  
 Et post <sup>2</sup> Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit,  
 Quod <sup>3</sup> Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent:  
 Tentavit quoque rem si digne vertere posset;  
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis, et acer:  
 Nam <sup>4</sup> spirat tragicum satis, et felicitur audet:  
 Sed <sup>5</sup> turpem putat in scriptis metuitque lituram.  
 Creditur, ex <sup>6</sup> medio quia res arcessit, habere  
 Sudoris minimum; sed habet comœdia tanto  
 Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. <sup>7</sup> aspice, Plautus  
 Quo pacto <sup>8</sup> partes tutetur amantis ephebi,  
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi;  
 Quantus sit Dossennus <sup>9</sup> edacibus in parasitis;



And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,  
To make poor Pinkey <sup>1</sup> eat with vast applause!  
But fill their <sup>2</sup> purse, our poet's work is done;  
Alike to them by Pathos or by Pun.

295

O you! whom <sup>3</sup> Vanity's light bark conveys  
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,  
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,  
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!

Who pants for glory finds but short repose;

300

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

<sup>4</sup> Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play

The silly bards grow fat or fall away.

<sup>5</sup> There still remains, to mortify a wit,

The many-headed monster of the pit;

305

A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,

Who, <sup>6</sup> to disturb their betters mighty proud,

Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,

Call for the Farce, <sup>7</sup> the Bear, or the Black-Jock.

What dear delight to Britons farce affords!

310

Ever the taste of mobs, but now <sup>8</sup> of lords;

(Taste! that eternal wanderer, which flies

From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

Quam <sup>1</sup> non astricto percurrat pulpita focco:

Gestit <sup>2</sup> enim nummum in loculos demmittere; post hoc  
Securus, cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam <sup>3</sup> ventoso gloria curru,

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum

Subruit aut reficit. <sup>4</sup> valeat res ludicra, si me

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

<sup>5</sup> Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;

Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,

Indocti, stolidique, et <sup>6</sup> depugnare parati,

Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

Aut <sup>7</sup> ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.

Verum <sup>8</sup> equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas

Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.

Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;



The play stands still; damn action and discourse;  
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot <sup>1</sup> and horse; 315  
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,  
 Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn,  
 The champion too! and, to complete the jest,  
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.  
 With <sup>2</sup> laughter sure Democritus had dy'd 320  
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.  
 Let bear or <sup>3</sup> elephant be e'er so white,  
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!  
 Ah, luckless <sup>4</sup> Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,  
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more; 325  
 While all its <sup>5</sup> throats the gallery extends,  
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends!  
 Loud as the wolves on <sup>6</sup> Orcas' stormy steep  
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330  
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's <sup>7</sup> petticoat;  
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd  
 Sinks the <sup>8</sup> lost actor in the tawdry load.  
 Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!  
 “But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. 335

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Dum fugiunt <sup>1</sup> equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ:  
 Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis;  
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;  
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.  
<sup>2</sup> Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu  
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,  
 Sive <sup>3</sup> elaphas albus vulgi converteret ora.  
 Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,  
 Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura:  
 Scriptores autem <sup>4</sup> narrare putaret a fello  
 Fabellum furdo. nam quæ <sup>5</sup> pervincere voces  
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?  
<sup>6</sup> Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum;  
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,  
<sup>7</sup> Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus <sup>8</sup> oblitus actor  
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.  
 Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid elacet ergo?



“What shook the stage, and made the people stare?”

<sup>1</sup> Cato’s long wig, flow’r’d gown, and lacker’d chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,

Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,

Let me for once presume t’ instruct the times,

340

To know the poet from the man of rhymes.

’Tis he <sup>2</sup> who gives my breast a thousand pains,

Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;

Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,

With pity and with terror tear my heart,

345

And snatch me o’er the earth, or thro’ the air,

To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.

<sup>3</sup> But not this part of the poetic state

Alone deserves the favour of the great.

Think of these authors, Sir, who would rely

350

More on a reader’s sense than gazer’s eye.

Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?

Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring!

How shall we fill <sup>4</sup> a library with wit,

When Merlin’s cave is half unfurnish’d yet?

355

My Liege! why writers little claim your thought

I guess, and with their leave will tell the fault.

We <sup>5</sup> poets are (upon a Poet’s word)

Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:

<sup>1</sup> *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

*Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,*

*Cam recte tectent alii, laudare maligne;*

*Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur*

*Ire poeta, <sup>2</sup> meum qui pectus inaniter angit,*

*Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,*

*Ut magus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

<sup>3</sup> *Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,*

*Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,*

*Curam redde brevem ; si <sup>4</sup> munus Apolline dignum*

*Vis complere libris, et vatibus addere calcar,*

*Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.*

<sup>5</sup> *Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,*

*(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum*



The <sup>1</sup> season when to come and when to go, 360  
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;  
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,  
 You lose your patience just like other men.  
 Then, too, we hurt ourselves when, to defend  
 A <sup>2</sup> single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365  
 Repeat <sup>3</sup> unask'd; lament the <sup>4</sup> wit's too fine  
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line:  
 But most when straining with too weak a wing,  
 We needs will write epistles to the King;  
 And <sup>5</sup> from the moment we oblige the Town, 370  
 Expect a place or pension from the Crown;  
 Or, dubb'd Historians, by express command,  
 T' enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,  
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,  
 As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet <sup>6</sup> think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown,)  
 Ah! think what poet best may make them known;  
 Or chuse at least some minister of grace,  
 Fit to bestow the <sup>7</sup> Laureat's weighty place.

<sup>8</sup> Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380  
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

<sup>1</sup> Solicito damus, aut fesso: cum lædimur, <sup>2</sup> unum  
 Si quis amicorum est ausus rependere versum:  
 Cum loca jam <sup>3</sup> recitata revolvimus irrevocati:  
 Cum <sup>4</sup> lamentamur non apparere labores  
 Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo:  
 Cum <sup>5</sup> speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque  
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro  
 Arceffas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.  
 Sed tamen est <sup>6</sup> operæ pretium cognoscere, quales  
 Ædituous habeat belli spectata domique  
 Virtus, <sup>7</sup> indigno non committenda poetæ.  
<sup>8</sup> Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille  
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis  
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.  
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt  
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo  
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema



And great <sup>1</sup> Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed  
 To fix him graceful on the bounding steed:  
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:  
 But kings in wit may want discerning spirit. 385  
 'The hero William, and the martyr Charles,  
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles,  
 Which made old Ben. and surly Dennis swear,  
 "No Lord's anointed, but a <sup>2</sup> Russian bear."  
 Not with such <sup>3</sup> majesty, such bold relief, 390  
 The forms august of king, or conqu'ring chief,  
 E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd  
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.  
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,  
 Your <sup>4</sup> arms, your actions, your repose, to sing! 395  
 What <sup>5</sup> seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!  
 Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!  
 How <sup>6</sup> barb'rous rage subsided at your word,  
 And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!  
 How when you nodded, o'er the land and deep 400  
<sup>7</sup> Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep,

---

Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit;  
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se, præter Apellem,  
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra  
 Fortis <sup>1</sup> Alexandri vultum simulantia: quod si  
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud  
 Ad libros, et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;  
<sup>2</sup> Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.  
 [At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque  
 Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,  
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ;  
 Nec magis expressi <sup>3</sup> vultus per ahenea signa,  
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum  
 Clarorum apparent: nec sermones ego mallet  
 Repentes per humum, <sup>4</sup> quam res componere gestas,  
 Terrarumque <sup>5</sup> situs, et flumina dicere, et arc es  
 Montibus impositas, et <sup>6</sup> barbara regna, tuisque  
 Auspiciis totum <sup>7</sup> confecta duella per orbem,  
 Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,



Till earth's extremes your mediation own,  
 And <sup>1</sup> Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—  
 But <sup>2</sup> verse, alas! your majesty disdains:  
 And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains.

405

The zeal of <sup>3</sup> fools offends at any time,  
 But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,  
 That when I aim at praise they say <sup>4</sup> I bite.

A vile <sup>5</sup> encomium doubly ridicules;

410

There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

If true, a <sup>6</sup> woeful likeness; and if lies,

“Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.”

Well may he <sup>7</sup> blush who gives it, or receives;

And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves

415

(Like <sup>8</sup> journals, odes, and such forgotten things  
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings,)

Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,

Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

419

Et <sup>1</sup> formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam;

Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque par-

<sup>2</sup> Carmen majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet [vum

Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.

Sedulitas autem. <sup>3</sup> stulte, quem diligit, urget;

Præcipue cum se numeris commendat et arte.

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud

Quod quis <sup>4</sup> deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.

Nil moror <sup>5</sup> officium quod me gravat: ac neque ficto

In <sup>6</sup> pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,

Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:

Ne <sup>7</sup> rubeam pingui donatus mune e, et una

Cum <sup>8</sup> scriptore meo, capsa porrectus aperta,

Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,

Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.



## HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. II.

### IMITATED.

**D**EAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend!  
You love a verse; take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,  
Bows and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois:  
"Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!  
"My only son, I'd have him see the world: 6  
"His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.  
"Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a-year.  
"Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,  
"Your barber, cook, upholsterer; what you please:  
"A perfect genius at an op'ra song— 11  
"To say too much might do my honour wrong.  
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;  
"His whole ambition was to serve a lord.  
"But, Sir, to you with what would I not part? 15  
"Tho', faith, I fear't will break his mother's heart.  
"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,  
"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:  
"The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,  
"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal." 20

### HOR. LIB. II. EPIST. II.

**F**LORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,  
Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum  
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et  
"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,  
"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;  
"Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;  
"Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti  
"Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:  
"Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.  
"Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo  
"Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.  
"Res urget me nulla:—semel hic cessavit; et (ut fit)  
"In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.  
"Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædat."



<sup>1</sup> If, after this, you took the graceless lad,  
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?  
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,  
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,  
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,  
 And punish'd him that put it in his way. 25

<sup>2</sup> Consider then, and judge me in this light;  
 I told you when I went I could not write;  
 You said the same; and are you discontent  
 With laws to which you gave your own assent? 30  
 Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!  
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

<sup>3</sup> In Anna's wars a soldier, poor and old,  
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:  
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night 35  
 He slept, (poor dog!) and lost it to a doit.  
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,  
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd, }  
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,  
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle-wall, 40  
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.  
 "Prodigious well!" his great commander cry'd;  
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

<sup>1</sup> Ille ferat pretium, poenæ securus, opinor.  
 Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.  
 Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

<sup>2</sup> Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi  
 Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea sævus  
 Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.  
 Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura  
 Si tamen attentas? quæreris super hoc etiam, quod  
 Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

<sup>3</sup> Luculli miles collecta viatica, multis  
 Ærumnis lassus dum nocta stertit, ad assem  
 Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti  
 Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,  
 Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,  
 Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.  
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,  
 Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.



Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter ;

(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter.) 45

“ Go on, my friend,” he cry'd, “ see yonder walls !

“ Advance and conquer ! go where Glory calls !

“ More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.”

Don't you remember what reply he gave ?

“ D' ye think me, noble Gen'ral ! such a sot ? 50

“ Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.”

<sup>1</sup> Bred up at home, full early I begun

To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son :

Besides, my father taught me from a lad

The better art, to know the good from bad ; 55

(And little sure imported to remove,

To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

But knottier points, we knew not half so well,

Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell ;

And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60

Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,

While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.

For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,

He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ; 65

Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere prætor

Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem

Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem.

I bone, quo virtus tua te vocat : i pede fausto,

Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. quid stas ?

Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, “ Ibit,

“ Ibit eò, quo vis, qui sonam perdidit,” inquit.

<sup>1</sup> Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,

Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.

Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ :

Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,

Atque inter silvas academi quærere verum.

Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato ;

Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,

Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.

Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,

Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni

Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax



And me the Muses help to undergo it,  
 Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.  
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,  
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive,  
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,  
 If I would scribble rather than repose.

70

<sup>1</sup> Years foll'wing years steal something ev'ry day,  
 At last they steal us from ourselves away;  
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,  
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend.  
 This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,  
 What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?  
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill  
 That turn'd ten thousand verses now stands still?

75

<sup>2</sup> But, after all, what would you have me do,  
 When out of twenty I can please not two?  
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,  
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?  
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg:  
 Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,  
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests!

80

85

<sup>3</sup> But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,  
 Again to rhyme, can London be the place?

Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem,  
 Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutæ,  
 Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?

<sup>1</sup> Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;  
 Eripue ejocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;  
 Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

<sup>2</sup> Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.  
 Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;  
 Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.  
 Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,  
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter:  
 Quod petis, id fane est invisum acidumque duobus.

<sup>3</sup> Præter cætera, me Romana poemata censes  
 Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?



Who there his Muse, or self, or soul, attends, 90  
In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and friends?  
My counsel sends to execute a deed;

A poet begs me I will hear him read.

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—

At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square— 95

Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—

There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—

“ Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,

“ And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”

Not quite so well, however, as one ought; 100

A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;

And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,

God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.

Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,

Two aldermen dispute it with an ass? 105

And peers give way, exalted as they are,

Ev'n to their own s-r-v--nce in a car?

Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd

Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.

Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run, 110

To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son:

Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,

Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's-court.

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? 114

How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis: cubathic in colle Quirini,

Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. “ Verum

“ Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstat.”

Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:

Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:

Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.

I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,

Rite cliens Bacchi somno gaudentis et umbra.

Tu me niter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, et contacta sequi vestigia vatū?



<sup>1</sup> The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,  
 To books and study gives sev'n years complete,  
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,  
 He walks an object new beneath the sun! 119  
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare:  
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear  
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air! }  
 And here, while Town, and Court, and City, roars,  
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors,  
 Shall I in London act this idle part, 125  
 Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

<sup>2</sup> The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,  
 Who deem'd each other oracles of law;  
 With equal talents these congenial souls,  
 One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;  
 Each had a gravity would make you split, 131  
 And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

“ 'Twas, Sir, your law”--and, “ Sir, your eloquence:”  
 “ Your's Cowper's manner--and your's Talbot's sense.”

<sup>3</sup> Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,  
 Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit. 136  
 Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,  
 Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.  
 Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's cave, to see  
 No poets there but Stephen, you, and me. 140

<sup>1</sup> Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumfit Athenas,  
 Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque  
 Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit  
 Plerumque, et risu populum quatit: hic ego rerum  
 Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus Urbis,  
 Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?

<sup>2</sup> Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor; ut alter  
 Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:  
 Gracchus ut hic illi foret, hic ut Mutius illi.  
 Quî minus argutos vexat furor iste poëtas?

<sup>3</sup> Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile visu,  
 Cælatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,  
 Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-  
 Spectemus vacuum Romanis vatibus ædem.



Walk with respect behind, while we at ease  
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.  
 “My dear Tibullus!” if that will not do,  
 “Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:  
 “Or, I’m content, allow me Dryden’s strains, 145  
 “And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.”  
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace  
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;  
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,  
 To court applause by printing what I write: 150  
 But let the fit pass o’er; I’m wise enough  
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

¹ In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,  
 They treat themselves with most profound respect:  
 ’Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155  
 Each prais’d within is happy all day long:  
 But how severely with themselves proceed  
 The men who write such verse as we can read?  
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare  
 That wants of force, or light, or weight, or care, 160

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et procul audi,  
 Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.  
 Cædimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,  
 Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.  
 Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?  
 Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus;  
 Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.  
 Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,  
 Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:  
 Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,  
 Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

¹ Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum  
 Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,  
 Si taceas, laudant quicquid scripsere, beati.  
 At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poemâ,  
 Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:  
 Audebit quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,  
 Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna feruntur,



Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,  
 Nay, tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace :  
 Such they'll degrade ; and, sometimes in its stead,  
 1 In downright charity revive the dead ;  
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165  
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years ;  
 Command old words that long have slept to wake,  
 Words that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake ;  
 Or bid the new be English ages hence,  
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense ;) 170  
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,  
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,  
 Rich with the treasure of each foreign tongue ;  
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,  
 But show no mercy to an empty line ; 175  
 Then polish all with so much life and ease,  
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please :  
 " But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,  
 " As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."  
 2 If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180  
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool :  
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,  
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

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Verba movere loco ; quamvis invita recedant,  
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ :  
 1 Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque  
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,  
 Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,  
 Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas :  
 Adsciscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus :  
 Vehemens, et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,  
 Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua :  
 Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera sano  
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet :  
 Ludentis speciem dabit ; et torquebitur, ut qui  
 Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.

2 Prætulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,  
 Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,  
 Quam sapere, et ringi. fuit haud ignobilis Argis,  
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,



There liv'd in *primo Georgiæ* (they record)  
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord; 185  
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,  
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:  
 In all but this a man of sober life,  
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;  
 Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell, 190  
 And much too wise to walk into a well.  
 Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,  
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they  
 Whereat the gentleman began to stare— [cur'd:  
 "My friends! (he cry'd) p-x take you for your care!  
 That from a patriot of distinguish'd note 196  
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote."

<sup>1</sup> Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate!  
 Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.  
 There is a time when poets will grow dull; 200  
 I'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school:  
 To rules of poetry no more confin'd,  
 I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,  
 Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,  
 And keep the equal measure of the soul. 205

<sup>2</sup> Soon as I enter at my country door  
 My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;  
 Thoughts, which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,  
 Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot:

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In vacuo lætus fessor plausorque theatro:  
 Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto  
 More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,  
 Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis,  
 Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ:  
 Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.  
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque relictus,  
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,  
 Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,  
 Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,  
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

<sup>1</sup> Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,  
 Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;  
<sup>2</sup> Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,



There all alone, and compliments apart, 210  
I ask these sober questions of my heart.

<sup>1</sup> If, when the more you drink the more you crave,  
You tell the doctor; when the more you have  
The more you want, why not, with equal ease,  
Confess as well your folly as disease? 215  
The heart resolves this matter in a trice;  
“Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.”

<sup>2</sup> When golden angels cease to cure the evil,  
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:  
When servile chaplains cry that birth and place 220  
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,  
Look in that breast, most dirty Dean! be fair,  
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?  
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,  
You go to church to hear these flatt’ers preach. 225

Indeed could wealth bestow or wit or merit,  
A grain of courage or a spark of spirit,  
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,  
If D\*\*\* lov’d sixpence more than he.

<sup>3</sup> If there be truth in law, and use can give 230  
A property, that’s yours on which you live.

*Sed veræ numerosque modosque edificere vitæ.*

*Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacitusque recordor:*

<sup>1</sup> *Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,  
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâsti,  
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?*

<sup>2</sup> *Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba  
Non fieret lævius, fugeres radice vel herba  
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui  
Rem Dî donarent, illi decedere pravam  
Stultitiam; et cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo  
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iisdem?*

*At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,  
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,  
Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.*

<sup>3</sup> *Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et ære est,  
Quædam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:  
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; et villicus Orbî,*



Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford  
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :  
 All <sup>1</sup> Worldly hens, nay, partridge, sold to Town,  
 His ven'son too a guinea makes your own : 235  
 He bought at thousands what with better wit  
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit :  
 Now or long since, what diff'rence will be found ?  
 You pay a penny and he paid a pound.

<sup>2</sup> Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men, 240  
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-Fen,  
 Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,  
 Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.  
 Yet these are wights who fondly call their own  
 Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245  
 The laws of God, as well as of the land,  
 Abhor a perpetuity should stand :  
 Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r,  
<sup>3</sup> Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,  
 Ready by force, or of your own accord, 250  
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.  
 Man ? and for ever ? wretch ! what wouldst thou have ?  
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.  
 All vast possessions (just the same the case  
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase) 255

Cum segetes occat, tibi mox frumenta daturus,  
 Te dominum sentit.

<sup>1</sup> das nummos ; accipis uvam,  
 Pullos, ova, cadum temeti : nempe modo isto  
 Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,  
 Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emptum.  
 Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim ?  
<sup>2</sup> Emptor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,  
 Emptum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat ; emptis  
 Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.  
 Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adfita certis  
 Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia : tanquam  
<sup>3</sup> Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,  
 Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema,  
 Permutert dominos, et cedat in altera jura.  
 Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et hæres



Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?  
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;  
 Let rising granaries and temples here,  
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,  
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260  
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!  
 Inexorable Death shall level all,  
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

<sup>1</sup> Gold, silver, iv'ry vases sculptur'd high,  
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265  
 There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there are  
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

<sup>2</sup> Talk what you will of taste, my friend! you'll find  
 Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

Why of two brothers, rich and restless, one 270  
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;  
 The other flights for women sports and wines,  
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:  
 Why one, like Bu—, with pay and scorn content,  
 Bows and votes on in Court and Parliament; 275  
 One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,  
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;  
 Is known alone to that directing Pow'r  
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour;  
 That God of Nature who, within us still, 280  
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will.

*Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam;  
 Quid vici profunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris  
 Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus  
 Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?*

<sup>1</sup> Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,  
 Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas,  
 Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curet habere.

<sup>2</sup> Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludore, et ungi  
 Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter  
 Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu  
 Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum,  
 Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum.  
 Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis, in unum-  
 Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.



Various of temper, as of face or frame,  
Each individual; his great end the same.

<sup>1</sup> Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,  
A part I will enjoy as well as keep. 285

My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace,  
A man so poor would live without a place;  
But sure no statute in his favour says  
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;  
I who at some times spend, at others spare, 290  
Divided between carelessness and care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store,  
Another not to heed to treasure more;  
Glad like a boy to snatch the first good day,  
And pleas'd if sordid want be far away. 295

<sup>2</sup> What is't to me (a passenger, God wot)  
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?  
The ship itself may make a better figure,  
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger.  
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300  
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;  
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune plac'd  
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

<sup>3</sup> "But why all this of avarice? I have none."  
I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone: 305

<sup>1</sup> Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet acervo  
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet hæres,  
Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem  
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti  
Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.  
Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumptum  
Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores;  
Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,  
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.

<sup>2</sup> Pauperies immunda domus procul absit. ego, utrum  
Nave ferar magna an parva; ferar unus et idem.  
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo;  
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris.  
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute loco, re,  
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

<sup>3</sup> Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam simul isto



But does no other lord it at this hour  
 As wild and mad? the avarice of pow'r?  
 Does neither rage inflame nor fear appal?  
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?  
 With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne, 310  
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?  
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,  
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?  
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,  
 And count each birthday with a grateful mind? 315  
 Has life no founness drawn so near its end?  
 Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?  
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,  
 As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay? 319  
 Or will you think, my friend! your bus'ness done,  
 When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?

† Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;  
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your fill.  
 Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age  
 Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage: 325  
 Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,  
 Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please. 327

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Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani  
 Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?  
 Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
 Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?  
 Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?  
 Lenior et melior fis accedente ſenectâ?  
 Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis de pluribus una?  
 † Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.  
 Luciſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:  
 Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius æquo  
 Rideat et pulſet laſciva decentius ætas.



## HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

**A** GAIN? new tumults in my breast?  
Ah, spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!  
I am not now, alas! the man  
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.  
Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms, 5  
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.  
Mother too fierce of dear desires!  
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires:  
To number Five direct your doves,  
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;  
Noble and young, who strikes the heart 11  
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;  
Equal the injur'd to defend,  
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend:  
He, with an hundred arts refin'd, 15  
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:

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## HOR. LIB. IV. ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

**I** NTERMISSA Venus diu,  
Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.  
Non sum qualis eram bonæ  
Sub regno Cynaræ. define, dulcium  
Mater sæva Cupidinum,  
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus  
Jam durum imperiis: abi  
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.  
Tempestivius in domo  
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,  
Comeffabere Maximi;  
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum:  
Namque et nobilis, et decens,  
Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,  
Et centum puer artium,  
Lete signa feret militiæ tuæ:



To him each rival shall submit,  
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.  
 Then shall thy form the marble grace,  
 (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face : 20  
 His house, embosom'd in the grove,  
 Sacred to social life and social love,  
 Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,  
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :  
 Thither the silver sounding lyres 25  
 Shall call the smiling Loves and young Desires ;  
 There ev'ry Grace and Mule shall throng,  
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song :  
 There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,  
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day. 30  
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er ;  
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.  
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,  
 The still believing, still renew'd desire :  
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl, 35  
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul!  
 But why? ah! tell me, ah! too dear!  
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?

---

Et, quandoque potentior  
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli ;  
 Albanos prope te lacus  
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.  
 Illic plurima naribus  
 Duces thura ; lyræ et Berecynthiæ  
 Delectabere tibiæ  
 Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula.  
 Illic bis pueri die  
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum  
 Laudantes, pede candido  
 In morem Saliûm ter quatient humum.  
 Me nec fœmina, nec puer  
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,  
 Nec certare juvat mero,  
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.  
 Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur  
 Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?



Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,  
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee! 40  
Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,  
Absent I follow thro' th' extended dream;  
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,  
And now you burst (ah, cruel!) from my arms!  
And swiftly shoot along the Mall, 45  
Or softly glide by the Canal;  
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,  
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away. 48

---

Cur facunda parum decoro  
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?  
Nocturnis te ego somniis  
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor  
Te per gramina Martii  
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.





## HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

### A FRAGMENT.

**L**EST you should think that verse shall die  
Which sounds the silver Thames along,  
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly  
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Tho' daring Milton fits sublime,  
In Spenser native Muses play;  
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,  
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth  
Ere Cæsar was or Newton nam'd;  
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,  
And those new heav'ns and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!  
They had no poet, and they died.  
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!  
They had no poet, and are dead.

---

## HOR. LIB. IV. ODE IX.

**N**E forte credas interitura, quæ  
Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum,  
Non ante vulgatas per artes  
Verba loquor socianda chordis.  
Non, si priores Mæonius tenet  
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,  
Cæque, et Alcæi minaces,  
Stesichorique graves Camenæ:  
Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon,  
Delevit ætas: spirat adhuc amor,  
Vivuntque commissi calores  
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.  
Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.



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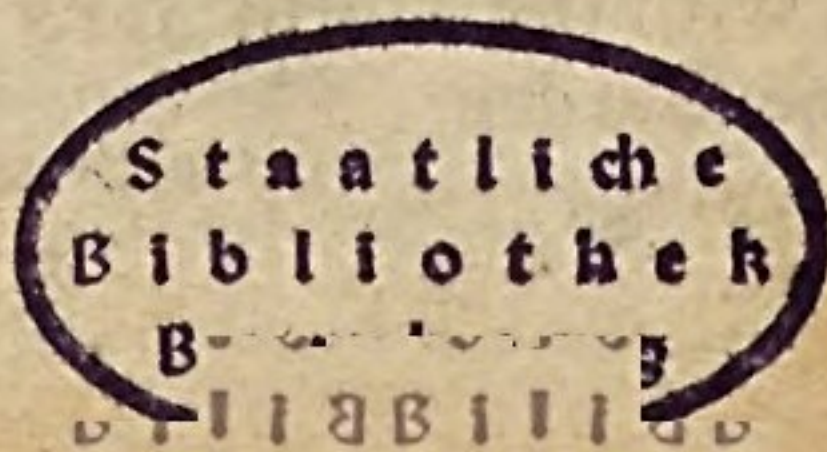
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END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.





















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